אבל יחיד

Planctus Unigeniti:

ET

SPES RESUSCITANDI.

OR,

The bitter ſorrows for a Firſt-born, ſweetned with the hopes, of a Better RESURRECTION.

WITH

Conſolations, MORAL, and DIVINE, againſt the Death of Friends, ſuited to the preſent Occaſion.

DELIVERED,

In a FUNERAL SERMON, at *FELSTED* in *ESSEX*, MAY, 23. 1664. At the Solemn Interment of the Right Honourable,

CHARLES Lord *RICH*,

the *Only Child*, of the Right Honourable the Earle of WARWICK.

By *A. WALKER*, D. D. Rector of *Fyſield*, in the ſame County, and one of His MAJESTIES CHAPLAINS.

Jer. 6. 26. *Fac tibi Planctum unigeniti, Luctum amarum.*

St. Luke 8. 52. Weep not, She is not dead, but ſleepeth.

Contriſtamur nos, in noſtrorum mortibus, neceſſitate amittendi, ſed cum Spe Recipiendi; Inde triſtamur hinc conſolamur, inde infirmitas afficit, hinc fides reficit, inde dolet humana conditio, hinc ſanat Divina promiſſio; Sanctus Auguſtinus.

LONDON, Printed by *Thomas Mabb*, for *Samuel Ferris*, at his Shop in *Cannon Street*, over againſt *London Stone*, 1664.

THIS CHART W
FIRST CHART
AT THE END C

UMI

HART WILL BE THE
CHART APPEARING
E END OF THIS FILM.

UMI

To the Right Honourable,

CHARLES Earle of WARWICK; Baron of Leez; And his Eminently Religious Consort, MARY, Countess of WARWICK; And the most Virtuous, and Excellent Lady, the Lady ANN RICH, Dowager.

Right Honourable;

THough I find my present Attempt, not unlike the great Instance of Difficulties in Phylosophy, to divide an Attome, and make two of the least, and last, Unite in Nature; To distribute amongst You, a Trifle, so Infinitely less, then the whole should be, for every of Your Honours: Yet am I pleased the better with it, by how much the more it Corresponds, with this dark Providence; which is a compendious heap of Intricacies: and seems design'd, as an Experiment, what Hard-ships, Great, and Noble minds, supported with Virtue, and Religion, can conflict with, and Conquer.

To Extricate my self out of this streight, I am Constrained,

to begg *Your* Honours, (*By the prevailing* Argument *of His* Dear Urne) *to accept this* haſty *Monument*, (*which My* Zeal *to His* Memory, *firſt* Offer'd *at*, *by* Your *Commands*, *and by the ſame* Influence, *hath now made* Publick) *to be to You*, (*in that Reſpect*,) *as His* Sweet Lordſhip *was*; *Who was ſo* Singly, *and* Intirely, Every *of Your* Honours, *as if You had had no* Joynt, *or* Common Intereſts *in Him*.

And may I, *my Lord*, *be* blameleſſe, *in aſſuming the* Confidence, *to ſpeak in the* Great Apoſtles Language; Now I rejoyce, not that You are made ſorry, but that You ſorrow after a Godly manner; *and that this* deep Channel, *now made in Your* Soul, *is ſo* happily filled, *with the* Waters *of the* Sanctuary.

And if I be Rude *in* Speech, *I am not ſo in* Deſign; *though I* whiſper *ſo loud in Your* Lordſhips *Ears*, *that the* World *overhear me*; *that nothing can more* rejoyce *Your* Soul-Friends, *and* -Servants, *then to behold Your* Chriſtian Submiſſion, *to ſo* ſmart *a* ſtroak, *without other* Indenting *with the* Almighty; *Then that this* Heart-breaking blow, *may End in a* broken heart; *and in Your own* Significant, *though* ſhort *Expreſſion*, *that if this* DOE, *it will be the* Happieſt Loſs, *that ever Man had*.

All which, (*without* preſumption;) *I may* Vouch, *the* Lord *takes not amiſs*, *to have* impos'd *upon Him*; *the very* Errand *of His* Judgements *being*, *to bring His* Children *nearer to* Himſelf, *and ſuch a* Frame.

My Lord, ſad *Providences do then prove* ſad *indeed*; *when we are forc't to* taſt *the* bitter Rind, *and* Huske; *or* break *our* teeth *upon the* harder Shell; *but* feed *not upon the* ſweeter Kernel: Partake *not the* Bleſſing, *God intends us by them*. *But then are they* ſweet, *and* ſolid mercies, *when God doth* teach *us*, *with*,

and by his chaſtning : *that this may be* ſuch, *I know no* ſurer *means, then that Your* Lordſhip, Humbly *Remember the* Vowes *of God which are upon You, which You made while the* Wound *was* freſh, *and that You* Aweſully *regard, the Reſolutions of Your own* Heart, *and* Mouth: *And My* Confidence *You will do ſo,* Incourages *Me to this* Boldneſs, *which Your* Lordſhips Goodneſs *will not call* Rudeneſs ; *but* Accept, *as a* Teſtimony *of My* Duty, *and* Faithfulneſs.

And You Great Madam, *whoſe* Modeſt *and* Retired Goodneſſe, *cannot* Abſcond *it Self, but all the* Engliſh-World, Sees, *and* Reveers *it.*

Go on, to Rayſe *the* Eternal *Glories of the* Son *of* God, *upon the* Temporary Ruines, *of a* Deareſt Son ; *And make the* Incredulous, *to* See, *and* Know, *what* Wonders, Solid, *and* Sincere, Chriſtianity *can* Work.

What the Wiſe Moraliſt *Obſerv'd ſo long agoe ; that,* A good Man, contending with bad Fortune, is a ſight worth Gods own looking on ; *I never underſtood ſo fully, as ſince I had the* Honour *to behold, with what* Maſculine, Compoſed, Grave, *and which is more then all, what* Chriſtian Fortitude, *Your* Ladyſhip *bear up, above theſe* Swelling, Boyſtrous, *Waves.*

Thoſe who have any meaſures *of a* Mothers heart, *may* gueſs *at Yours ; But* We *that have the* Honour, *and* Happineſs, *to be Acquainted, with the* Sweetneſs *of Your* Temper, *and the* Fervours *of Your Tenderneſs, in* Others Sorrows ; *how Inexpreſſibly You were concern'd, when firſt Your* Noble Son *fell* Sick ; *How You Attended him, in* all *his* Illneſs, *and* warm'd *his very* Linnens *on Your* Heart ! *What* Agonies *of* Soul *You Suffered for Him ! and how You* Wept, *and* Pray'd, *and* Watch't, *and could not* bear, *the* ſuppoſition *of His* loſs ; *are put to the* Wonder *of*

Davids *Servants, when the* Child *was* dead.

What is this thing that thou haſt done? —— *And* plainly *ſee, it was the* Strength *of* Davids *God, which* helpt *You, as well as his* Wiſdome, *that* inſtructed *You, to* bear *his* hand.

My Only Sollicitude, *for Your* Ladyſhip, *is, leaſt Your* Sorrow worſted *in the open Field, and plainly* vanquiſhed, *by* Grace *and* Reaſon; *ſhould Lye in Ambuſh, and Surpriſe You afterward, with* greater *danger*: *To* prevent *it,* watch *it*: Still keep *Your Eye on* Heaven, *and that will* keep *You* ſafe; *'Tis not* eaſie, *to* benight *a Chriſtians* heart, *with any very* dark cloud, *while there is* brightneſs, *and* ſerenity, *in the* face *of Chriſt*; *But if it* ſwell, *and* flow *to an* exceſs, *and will not be* ſtanched; *then* breath *a* veine, *and give it ſome* diverſion, *take an* advantage *of it, and turn it into* Godly *ſorrow, and all ſhall be well.*

And You Sweet Madam; *whoſe* loſs *of ſo* Dear, *and* Kind *a* Lord, *had been* Invaluable, *had it been never ſo* late (*who was ſo* good *in all* Relations, *and whoſe* Indearing Excellencies, *in that* He *bore to* You, *were* Eminent, *as* that Relation *is, above all* others:) *Yet is it* aggravated *now, beyond expreſſion, by its* early, *and* unſeaſonable, *ſurpriſing of You, in ſo* tender years, *not* yet *acquainted with, nor* train'd *up in the* School *of* ſorrow; *Will, I hope, therefore accept the* Cordialls, *I* bring, *becauſe You ſo much* need *them.*

It were an Unpardonable Rudeneſs, *to* Requeſt, *that he may ever* live, *in Your Ladiſhips* beſt thoughts, *and have Your* Noble breaſt, *His* Deareſt Monument; *For how can* He *ever be forgotten by Her*; *who was not his* Bargain; *but* his Choyce? *Not his* content *and* ſatisfaction *only*; *but his* Souls *moſt* ravi ſed, *and laſting,* Raviſhments; *from whom. He was never well, whoſe* Abſence *was his* conſtant ſickneſs, *and the* parting *with whom,*

No Madam, *I do not* beg *Your to* Remember *Him, You will do that* unaskt; *But that You would* Remember *Him to* Spiritual Advantages.

Wean *Your* Affections, *and* forget *Him, in all thoſe* regards, *in which, henceforth, You ſhall know Him* no more; *and* Remember *Him in thoſe may not* perplex, *or* hurt *You, but* help, *and do You* good.

When Husbands *dye in* debt, *their* VVidows *ſhould* diſcharge *and* pay *it*. *He hath not* left *You under other* Incumbrances; Only *He made Himſelf* Gods debter, *on his* Death-bed (*a Note of which Debts, Your* Lady ſhip *may find, in the following* Sermon) *And if You will* Adminiſter, *and* take *theſe* Debts *upon You, and* diſcharge *them*; *were I* worthy *to be Your* Counter-Security, *I would be* bound, *in all I* have, *or* am, *You would be Eternally the* Richer for it; *and* bleſs, *and* hugg *his Memory, for this* choyce Legacy, more *then for all, His*, more *then* Noble, Preſents.

And Madam, *to* help *You pay theſe* Debts, *He hath left Your* Ladyſhip, (*beſide Your* Honourable Dowre) *ſuch a* Joynture, *as you could have had by* none, *but* him; *an* Intereſt *in that* Real, *and* Solid Idea, *of all that's Excellent, with* Men, *and* Chriſtians; *His, and* by *Him, your* Ladyſhips Dear Mother; *whom if you* voluntarily looſe, *as you have done* him neceſſarily, *you* double *your Miſery*; *and* leave Charity *it ſelf no* excuſe *to make for the* Errour; *But that your* firſt *loſs, hath not onely* bereft *you, of the* Object *of your* Affections; *but by its* greatneſs, *hath* amaz'd *your* Judgement too.

Now *let me* joyn *your* Honours *once again, to Beſeech your* Joynt Patronage, *of this imperfect Coppy, of ſo rare a* piece. *The* better *is the* face, *the* hardlier *doth the* Painter *hit it*; One *deforming* mark, (*which is ſeldome* miſt *by a rude Pencill*)

makes all the reſt, *ſeem* like. *I had no ſuch* unhappy *Advantage* here; (*though I* complain *not of that* want.) *And my* haſt *was* ſuch, *I had ſcarce time to* prime *my* Canvas, *and to let it* dry; *to bear the* Impreſſions *of a* leaden Pencil: *you are my* witneſſes *beyond* exception; *that your* Conſternation *was not off enough, in half the week, to give me my* ſummons, *for the following* Monday. *Such* pieces *do require the* ſecond, *and* third ſitting; *beſide the* finiſhing ſtroaks, *unleſs*, Immature Sermons *beſt ſuit with* Immature Funeralls.

Involuntary ſlipps, *have their* pardon *of* courſe, *and the* flatter touches *of an* haſty Pencil, *all* Ingenuity Indulges. *The reſt muſt* indure *its* fate, *in an* unkind VVorld, *which ſtill is ſuch, that I truly* reckon *it among your* Comforts, *that our* Noble Lord *is got well out on't.* His *now* ſecure Herſe, *muſt be my* Shrine; *and if your Honours accept it, (which is the Only Boon I Crave) you then* Engage *your* Greatneſs, *and your* Goodneſs *for my* Protection: *The* Confidence *of which, ſhall be the* Security, *and* Eaſe, *of*

My very Good Lord, and Ladies,

Your Honour's

Moſt Devoted Oratour,

and Loweſt Servant

ANTHONY WALKER.

Planctus Unigeniti.

St. *Luke*, *Chap.* the 7*th.* Verſes 12,13.

——*Behold there was a Dead Man Carried out, the onely Son of his Mother, and ſhe was a Widow, and much People of the City was with her.*

And when the Lord ſaw her, he had Compaſſion on her, and ſaid unto her, Weep not.

IF it were but a *Veniall Soleciſme*, to Preface that Sermon with *Sighs*, and *Tears*; the Text of which forbids our *Weeping*, or leſſe *Ominous* to my Deſigne of Comforting others, then ſome men phanſy ſtumbling at the Threſhold. My Preaching (without a Parable) ſhould be a *Mourning to you*; And juſt aſtoniſhment ſhould ſtrike me dumb, which were the onely Eloquence on this occaſion. And by a meet *Metatheſis* my *Lipps*, and *Eyes* ſhould change their Offices, and theſe ſhould be your *Oratours* (for tears are very Vocal) and in the Prophets Phraſe, ſhould *Drop my Words*; (though ſoft and ſilent, yet warme and melting ones) and *my Doctrine* (not in a meta-

Luke 7. 32. We have mourned to you, and you have not wept.

Ezech. 20. 40.

Deut. 32. 2. phour) *Should diſtill like the Rain, and deſcend upon You as the Dew.*

Neither ſhould I diſpair of drops enough, if not to *ſoften*, yet to *ſmooth* the ſtonieſt, and moſt unnatural breaſt; And to be pledg'd abundantly by thoſe, *To whom the Lord hath given tears to drink in ſo great Plenty*, Pſal. 80. 5.

But this were, at once, to be both *Rude* and *Cruell*; and to *Upbraid* your *Humanity*, & *hazzard* your *ſafetie*. The one as little needing Provocation to more ſorrows, as the other can bear it, after ſuch Floods of grief, whoſe eyes have drain'd their very Fountaines dry; as St. *Auguſtin* of himſelf upon his Mothers Death.

Oculi mei reforbebant fontem ſuum uſque ad ſiccitatem. Aug. Conf. ß. Lib. 9. Cap. 12.

Yet if there be any eye ſo ſtrangely *Anomolous* to all the Laws of Nature and Civility, like *Gideons Fleece* (which yet was not without a *Miracle*) to continue dry, while all about is bedewed and drencht in tears. I'le try his *Obſtinacy*, and tempt his *Stoiciſme* with the Dark and Cloudy ſide of my Text; —*Behold a dead man was carried out, the onely Son of his Mother, and ſhe was a Widow.* Ὁρᾷς ἀντικρυς ἔστι τὸ διήγημα Saith St. *Gregory Nyſcene*, *The meer Narration is a great and manifeſt Lamentation*; what ſayeſt thou Friend, canſt thou hear this and not Lament? Hath the Holy Spirit ſet ſo mournfull an Aſterick upon it, and canſt thou read it, unmoved, and unconcern'd? Where are thy Bowells? What *Oſtrich* haſt thou chang'd them with? Or from what *Tyre* were they derived to thee? But

Cap. 25. De opificio hominis.

But if thy *Ear* will not affect thy *Heart*, thy *Eye* will doubtleſs: and that thine *Eye* again. See then before thee, in that ſolemne Herſe the *Killing Reſurrection* of this *Mournful Story*, the darker *Scene* of this black *Tragedy*. *Behold* here *a Dead Man, a young Man*, in the bloſſome of his Man-hood, ſcarce in the Flower of his Youth, and not arrived at the *Zenith* of his *Age* or *Honour*, and the onely Son, Yea, the onely one of his Right Honourable Parents, whoſe very Lives were bound up in his; being inexpreſſibly Dear to them in numberleſs regards. Snatcht from the cloſeſt Embraces of a Deareſt Conſort, and rent from the tendereſt boſome, yea, from the very Soul, of the beſt of Mothers, who Lov'd him, with a Love, *Better*, and *Greater*, then the Love of Women; If thou beholdeſt this with *dry Eyes*, ſurely thou art ſomewhat more then *Man*, an *Angel*; or rather ſomewhat, yea much leſſe, a *Brute*, a *Stock*.

Sauciabatur anima mea, & quaſi dilaniabatur vita quæ mea facta fuerat ex mea & illius. Aug. Conf. Lib. 9. Cap. 12.

You eaſily ſee, there lye two mournful *Texts* before us, the one in the Volume of *Gods Book*, the other in the *Book* of *Providence*; And the *Second*, alaſs, too full a Counterpaine of'th *Firſt*, and too too ſad an Exemplification of it. I ſhall touch them both in *Order*, and Order *Commands* me, and *Invites* you firſt, to the words I have Read; which are parcel of a very Remarkable Hiſtory of one of the moſt Signal Works of Chriſt, which ſtand upon Record in the Sacred Regiſters. The rayſing

of the Widows Son of *Naim*, and worthily are they uſhered in with that quickning incitement of our attention, *Behold.* For if ſingle wonders command our redieſt notice, then much more this, which is like
Ezek. 1. 16. *Ezekiels* Viſion, a *Wheele* in a *Wheele*, a *Miracle* in a *Miracle*, a miracle of *Compaſſion* in a *Miracle* of *Power*, a miracle of *Greatneſſe* in a miracle of *Goodneſſe*, Relieving *Pitty*, meeting diſpairing *Neceſſity*, and preventing even requeſts, as much as exceeding hopes of help.

Omnia adeo minute narrantur, ut fidem augeant Hiſtoriæ Maldon. Many Circumſtances offer, and almoſt force themſelves upon us, tending to the *Verifying*, and *Magnifying* of the work; to manifeſt both how *True*, and how *Great* it was; but I muſt reſiſt their importunity in my preſent haſt, and fixing this fourfold remarke upon the *Whole*, ſingle out the *Branch* I am ingaged to perſue.

Obſerve firſt the kind of Chriſts Miracles; *Healing*, *Inlivening*, the ſweeteſt Emblems of that Grace and Goſpel which they were wrought for Confirmation of; *Moſes*, the Law, was a Miniſter of death, *the Letter killeth*, ſo did his Miracles, Blood and
Exod. 7, 19. 9. 22. 10. 21. 12. 29. Storms, Fire, Darkneſſe, Deſolation, Death, were thoſe he wrought.

He made but one Dead thing Alive, which was a *Rod* before, but then became a *Serpent*; *In cujus morſu mors*, grew from a *Smart* Inſtrument of *Correction* to
Exod. 7. 9, 10. a more *Nocent* one of *Deſtruction* as *Rehoboams* Scorpions were more cruel then the Rods of *Solomon*, 2 *Kings* 12. 11.

2. This

2. This Miracle exemplifies the *Strength* and *Greatneſs* of his *Grace*, as well as the *Sweetneſs* and *Goodneſs* of it; A dead man is the lively Picture of a Sinner; Sin is the greateſt death, it kills the Nobler part, the Soul, and a dead man carried out, is the Coppy of a Sinner, not newly ſuch, but a good while lying in it, ready to ſtink above ground in his noyſome Luſts; Yet ſuch can Chriſt raiſe up, as here; Yea, them who are Entombed in the cuſtomes of Sin, and rott and ſtink with *Lazarus*; *Liberat enim & de mala Conſuetudine Dominus quatriduanos mortuos*

Amplius eſt reſuſcitare ſemper victurum, quam ſuſcitare iterum moriturum. *Aug. Ser. 4 de ver. Domi.* *Initio Tom. 10.* *Auguſtinus ubi ſupra.*

3. This Miracle proclaims the ſuperlative preventing *Goodneſs* of him who is found of them who ſeek him not, and made manifeſt to them who enquire not after him, *Non Rogatus adeſt.*

Iſa. 65. 1. *Rom. 10. 20.* *Maldonat.*

Thoſe whom Chriſt help't while he was on Earth, are ranck't into this threefold Order.

1. Some upon their own importunate, and earneſt Prayers, as blind *Bartimeus*, *Crying*, *Jeſus thou Son of* David *have mercy on me*; And the Leper, who beſeeching him, and kneeling down to him, ſaid; *Lord if thou wilt thou canſt make me clean.* Blind Sinners! let the firſt be your *Letany*, and the laſt your daily *Collect* your unclean ones.

Mark 10. 45. *Mark 1. 40.*

2. Some upon the Requeſts and Interceſſion of others, as him ſick of the Palſie, brought by his Friends; the *Centurions* Servant for whom his *Maſter* and the Jewes interceded, and *Jarus*'s Daughter

Mark 2, 3. *St. Luke 7. 2. 8. 41.*

whom he raiſed at the humble Importunity of her deſtreſſed Father. Learn hence you that have *Servants*, *Friends*, *Children* to go to Chriſt for them with Faith and Prayer for Spiritual Health and Life, and engage Good Chriſtians with you, as he did the Jewes, and be full of good works, that they may not want Arguments to plead before the Lord in your behalf, as they —— *Lord he loveth our Nation, and hath built us a Synagogue.*

St. Luke 7. 5.

3. Some without other motions made to him then the *ſilent Oratory* of their own deep *Miſery*, which cryed prevailingly in the eares of his *Mercy*, as this Woman whom he ſaw and Pittied, and Comforted, and Helpt, and all unask't; and how much more will he relieve thoſe who Cry unto him Day and Night? And whoſe Condition is as ſad as hers? I tell you, he will aſſuredly relieve them.

Ipſa pro miſeris miſeria, vociferatur.

Luke 18. 7, 8.

Laſtly, This *Miracle* declares the exact watchfulneſſe of Divine Benignity, which comes ſo pat, ſo ſeaſonable, juſt when the Corps was carrying out. This never comes *too ſoon*, this never ſtayes *too late*, but is alwayes ready where and when tis neceſſary, ſtayes till there's need, that help may be the ſweeter, but never ſtayes longer then tis fit and ſafe; Therefore you that wait for help, give not over looking, nor ſay Complainingly, *Mine eyes faile while I wait for thy Salvation*; But, *though it tarry, wait for it, for it will come, and will not tarry* (longer then is meet) *and it will ſpeak, and will not lye*; and that in

Pſal. 69. 3.

Habb. 2, 3.

ſo appoſite, ſo ſweet, ſo fit a manner, time and place, that it will make thee cry out with wonder; Behold what hath the Lord wrought; as the Holy Pen-man uſhers in this Narrative; Behold —— *Que particula Ecce, temporis unitatem & loci propinquitatem ſignificat.* He cannot expreſſe it without holy admiration, that Chriſt ſhould come ſo ſeaſonably, ſo pat, as we uſe to ſpeak; juſt then, in the very Nick and Article of time, *When the dead man was carried out, who was the onely Son of his Mother, and ſhe a Widow, and much People of the City was with her, And when the Lord ſaw her, he had Compaſſion on her, and ſaid unto her, Weep not.*

Which words are Chequer-Work of *Black* and *White*, like *Moſes* Pillar, party per pale *Darkneſs* and *Light*, as *Davids* Song of *Judgement* and *Mercy*, and we may uſe *St. Pauls* Language whilſt we view them, behold the *Severity* and *Goodneſs* of God. So that my Text is a Tragy-Comedy begins with a mournfull *Prologue*, but ends with a joyfull *Epilogue*; a rayny, lowring day, breaking up into a bright and pleaſant Evening.

Exod. 14. 20. *Pſal.* 101. 1. *Rom.* 11. 22.

She *comes forth weeping and bearing Precious Seed*, the ſeed of the Reſurrection, and ſhe hath an early, ſudden, unexpected Harveſt, and carries home a *Sheaf in her Boſome*, which ſhe reapt with raviſhments, and extaſies of joy.

Corpora ſanctorum Semen bonæ reſurrectionis. *Pſal.* 126. 5, 6.

The whole of the Text may genuinely be reduced to theſe two heads.

1. Mans-

1. *Mans Misery.*
2. *Christs Mercy.*

Humane Passion, Divine Compassion.

The *First*, in Verse the 12. which presents us with a sad and dolefull Object.

The *Second*, *ver.* the 13. which gives us an account what impression that object made on Christ, who came so seasonably to behold and help.

Or if you will; Observe, 1. A *Solemn* and *Mournful Funeral.*

2. *A seasonable and Comfortable Cordiall.*

In the First, the *Funerall*, are presented to us.

1. The *Herse*; a dead man carried out.

2. The *Mourners*; his Mother the chief, and much People with her.

3. The *process* of the whole, they carry him forth.

In the second, the *Cordiall.*

1. The *Cordiall* it self, *Weep not.*

2. The Holy *Lymbeck*, from whence tis distilled, the tender bowels of Jesus Christ; *He was moved with Compassion*; ——

3. The fire that gives it operation; the seeing of this pittifull object, a *Desolate, Disconsolate Mother When he saw her*; —— *Then he was moved with Compassion*, and when he was so moved, then he said, *Weep not.*

I begin with the First; the Funeral, and in that,

1. The

1. The *Herse*, 2. Then the *Mourners*, and this order, *Custome* approves, *Nature* Compells, *Ceremony* appoints, and *Necessity* constrains; the *Herse* leads, the *Mourners* follow; Our Noble Lord is gone before, we must go after.

1. The *Herse*, And that as *harsh* and *dark* as if the *Pall*, were of the *Coursest Hair-Cloath*, and made more *black* and *Heavy*, with these *six sable Escutcheons*, which are its *load* and burden, rather then its *Ornament*.

1. A *Man dead*.
2. He a *Young* Man.
3. That young man, a *Great* man.
4 That *Great* man, an *Only Son*.

5. That only Son, as *Childless* at his death, as his decease did leave his Mother.

6. That Mother a *Widow*, like to continue *Childless*, *Heirless*, concluded and shut up under dispaire of having more to comfort, and relieve her Solitude.

Each circumstance calls for an *heavy accent*, and needs a *mournful circumflex*, let's drop them with our tears in Order, that every Escutcheon may be *Guttee*, only suppose those drops of *Pearle* and *Argent*, to *charge* the *dispairing Sable Field* of Death, with *brighter hopes* of an approaching Resurrection. Excuse this phrase; a Preacher is properly an *Herauld*: but chiefly so, at such a time. Each word, like a slip of *Ciprus*, sprouts up into a mournful *Stem*, the *Blazon* of each Escutcheon is a dolefull *Sentence*, in Order thus,

1 Tim. 2. 7. Κήρυξ preco Caduceator, predicator Κηρύσσω predicare publice laudare.

1. *Man* is *Mortall.*
2. Even *Young* men may *dye*, and often do.
3. *Great* Men muſt *fall* as well as others.
4. *Onely-Children* cannot *eſcape.*
5. *Whole Families* may *fayle* in Childleſs Heirs.
6. *Former Sorrows* do not excuſe us from *Succeeding Ones*; She that was made a Widow by her Husbands death, may yet be rendred more deſolate by the loſs of Children. One comfort gone ſecures not the reſt.

By the glimmering light which theſe ſix dim and lowring *Tapers* caſt about the *Herſe*, you may diſtinctly read, the *Impreſs* of each *Shield.*

1. *Man's Mortal.* This truth's ſo obvious, we cannot ſuppoſe the *Ecce* prefixt to it. The wonder is greater that any man out-lives his Mothers travel, then that he dyes ſo ſoon.

The many witty *Emblems* of our frailty, devis'd and uſed by graveſt *Sages*, *Ethnick* and *Chriſtian* are abundantly excuſed from all ſuſpicion of *Hyperbole's*, by what the holy ſpirit ſpeaks ſo frequently in the ſame Argument; comparing man to *Graſs*, to *Flowers*, to *dryed Leaves*, and *Stubble*, to *Duſt*, to *Vapours*, to *Wind*, to *Vanity*, to *leſs then vanity and nothing.*

Iſa. 40. 6, 7. *Pſal.* 103. 15. *Job.* 13. 25. 1 *Pet.* 1. 24. *Jam.* 4. 14. *Job.* 7. 7. *Pſal.* 144. 4. *Iſa.* 40. 17.

And no truth is written in Gods Book, with more Indelible, and larger Characters, then that *It is appointed unto all men once to dye*; *A time to be born, a time to dye*; Mark how cloſe they ſtand together, nothing parts them. 'Tis the *way of all the Earth*, an univerſall

Heb. 9. 27. *Eccl.* 3. 2.

Joſ. 23. 14. 1 *Kings* 2. 2.

ſall Rule that doth admit of no Exception, the conſtant concluſion of all mens Hiſtory: —— *And he dyed.* So that the challenge was very ſafe; *What man is he that liveth, and ſhall not ſee death, and ſhall he deliver himſelf from the hand of the Grave?* And the determination as warily made, *No man can give to God a Ranſome for himſelf, or Brother, that he ſhould ſtill live for ever, and not ſee Corruption.* Gen. 5. 5, 8, 11, 14, 17, 20. Pſal. 89. 48. Pſal. 49. 7.

2. And 'tis as obvious to *common notice*, we need not Revelation to perſwade our *Credence*, they give aſſent, who never ſaw the *Bible*, and tis become a Proverb, *nothing ſo ſure as death*; where ſeeing is believing, there need no other *Topicks*, to make a demonſtration.

3. And Natural *Reaſon* gives its perfect *ſuffrage*, that muſt decay, whoſe foundation is i'th duſt, as ours is, who are but the ſub-diviſions of *Adams* red Clod, *crumbled* into multiplied *Atomes*; the *ſtream* cannot aſcend beyond the Altitude of the *Fountains* Scituation. From *Corruptible* Principles no Product can proceed, *Incorruptible*; *Man that is born of a Woman, is of few dayes*, it carries its own Evidence, becauſe he is ſo born.

A *Tabernacle* patcht together of ſappy *ſticks*, and rotten *ſtraw*, and mouldring *dirt* cannot ſtand long, eſpecially expoſed to Storms without, and Fire from within; and ſuch is mans body, toſt and conſumed with dayly ſtrife, of *hot* and *cold*, *moyſt* and *dry*, Job. 14. 1. Εσφδαν γὰρ ἡ τὸ ἀυχενὸν ἡττηθῇ τῷ θερμῷ κατισχύσαντος, ὁ τὸ ἐμπαλιν φεύγη τ πλεονασμὸν τ ψύξεως ἡ θερμότης, πῶ τε ξηρῷ διὰ τ ἐπικρατήσεως τὸ ὑγρὸν ἀυχωρήσῃ ἢ διαλυθῇ τ ξηρὸς, τὸ παγιὸν ἐν πλεονισμῷ τ ὑγρότητος τότε τ ἐν ἡμῖν πελέμιε, διὰ τ θανάτε λυβέντος. —— Greg. Nyſſ. Orat. de Mortuis.

and whichsoever Conquers, leads life it self a Captive to its Victory, —— And *Dust returns to dust.*

Οὐχ ὁ αὐτὸς ἐστι τῷ χθιζῷ ὁ σήμερον ἀνθρωπος καὶ τὸ ὑλικῶς ὑποκείμενον ἀλλά τι πάντως αὐτῶ διὰ παντὸς μενέτω, καὶ ὄζῃ, καὶ διαφθειρέσθω καὶ ἐκβαλλέσθω --- Greg. Nyss. ubi supra.

4. And there is a *Moral* cause ith' Soul, as *mortall* as any *Natural* one ith' Body; the *Soul that sinneth it shall dye, In the day thou eatest thou shalt dye the death, death is the wages of sin*, which shall be surely paid: *By one man Sin entred into the World, and death by sin.* And in as much as no man *liveth* and *sinneth not*, you may conclude that no man *liveth*, and *dyeth* not.

Ezek. 18. 20. Gen. 2. 17. Rom. 6. 23. 5. 12. 1 Kin. 8. 46.

Mors interficit omnes quos natura presentem perducit ad vitam; ducit Reges, trahit Populos, gentes impellit, non divitiis redimi non flecti precibus, non luchuimis molliri, non viribus potuit illa unquam superari, *Chrysologus Serm.* 118.

With what words then shall we bewaile, or upbraid rather, the Atheistical security, and stupid madness of those men, who will not be perswaded of this truth? or, which is ten times worse, under convictions and confessions of it, live *here*, as if, they should live *here* for *ever*; and tempt us to believe they judge their *Souls* are *Mortal*, they take so little care to save them; and their *Bodies Immortal*, they heap up so long provisions for them.

2. Even *young* men may *dye*, and often do. Ours in the Text is expresly called so, νεανίσκος in the *ver.* next following, your common saying is, *Old men must dye, and Young men may, Senibus mors in januis, Juvenibus in obsidiis*, sayth St. *Bernard.* Tis very remarkable how the Scripture Records the Death of *Haran*, *And* Haran *dyed before his Father* Tera, *in the Land of his*

Gen. 11. 21.

Nativity

Nativity. Moſt Children dye before their Parents, not one of an hundred that are born, lives to be old, and conſequently, far the greateſt part of men dye young. *Death paſſeth upon them who have not ſinned, after the ſimilitude of* Adams *Tranſgreſſion*; that is actually, and therefore dye whilſt young. *Rachells Children are not*, while ſhe remains to *bewaile* them, becauſe they *are not*. Death keeps no turns, obſerves no order, that they ſhould go firſt, who came ſo, but in this tis often, *The laſt ſhall be firſt, and the firſt laſt.* Not only man, but *man in his beſt Eſtate is altogether vanity*; Tis an *Arabian* Proverb, *the old Camell often carries the young Camells Skin to Market*; And the Jewiſh Scholler told his Maſter, as an Argument, to urge him, to teach him betimes the *Art* of dying well; that there were *little graves in* Golgotha. When Jonahs *gourd was freſh and green*, fulleſt of ſap and verdure, then the worm ſmites it, and tis gone. And no wonder, for their *leſs confirmed conſtitution*, is ſooner *diſcompoſed*, and out of *temper*; Their *freſher* blood is more ſuſceptive of *Infection*, their *warmer* and *agile* ſpirits more eaſily blown up into a Feaveriſh heat and flame, and in a word, are ſo much *leſs ſafe* from death, by how much they are the *fairer marks* for him to Levell at.

Rom. 5.

Pſal. 39. 5.

Jon. 4.

Awake then preſumptuous Youths! Sleep not ſo ſoundly in the *Lap of Dalilah*, without the thoughts and care of reſt in *Abrahams boſome*; *Put not the evil day far from you*, upon ſuch ſlight and ſlender grounds,

Isa. 28. 18. *Make no agreements with the Grave, nor covenants with death and Hell,* leaſt he forbid the banes, and diſanull it, in whoſe hands your breath is; but *Re-*
Eccl. 12. 1. *member your Creatour in the dayes of your youth,* and learn to live betimes, yea and dye too, (for you may dye betimes) and *ſeek God early, while he may be found,* knowing they are moſt welcome who come ſooneſt, and remembring the young Diſciple, was the beſt beloved Diſciple. Put not off, no not a
Noſcis quid ſerus veſper trahat Adag. day, a work of ſuch concernment, becauſe thou knoweſt not what a day may bring forth, leaſt thou be put to worſe complaints then his, who bitterly bewail'd his ſtay, Too late O Lord did I begin to Love thee; *Nimis ſero te amare cæpi,* and leaſt if thou think the *Morn* and *Flower* of thy age too good to give, *God* judge the *dreggs* and *twigh-light* of it too bad to be accepted, and take no pleaſure in thoſe dayes, *Of which thy ſelf ſhalt ſay, I have no pleaſure in them,* Eccl 12. 1. *O know in this thy day, the things*
Vide Gr. Nyſſ. Contra Bap. *that concern thy peace; Si non nunc, quando?*

delat. Sed dices tu qui es Juvenis, nondum conſenui. Noli ergo decipi, non definitur mors certo tempore ætatis, neque timet eos qui ſunt in ipſo flore ætatis in ſolos autem ſenes obtinet dominium. Hujus enim accipe magiſtrum quotidianam experientiam. Vides enim quo mortui efferuntur feretrum quam in æqualiter & ut contingit omnem effertæ tatem hodie ſenem cras florentem & elegantem adoleſcentem paulo poſt cũ cæperat lanugo apparere, ruſſus virum robuſtum valentem viribus & ruſſus vetulam ſimul & virginem.

3. *Great Men* muſt *fall* as well as others, this in our Text was ſuch an one; his Mother is termed *Primaria Civitatis Matrona,* one of the Chief Ladies in the City where ſhe dwelt. We dye, as *Men,* as *Sinners,* and what makes them greateſt, makes them not *more* then *men,* nor *leſs* then *ſinners.* Therefore he who

calls

calls them *Gods*, yet ſaith that *they muſt dye like men*; The lofty *Cedars* of *Lebanon*, and goodlieſt *Oakes* in *Baſhan*, muſt down as ſure as the *Sycamors* in the Vally, or *Willowes* by the Water-Brookes. Pſal. 82. 6, 7.

Job told us long agoe, that *God accepteth not the Perſons of Princes, nor regardeth the Rich more then the Poor, for they are all the work of his hands; In a moment they ſhall dye, and the Mighty ſhall be taken away without hand.* Job 34. 19, 20.

Man though *in Honour abideth not*; when God takes *away the breath of Princes, even they returne unto their duſt, and their thoughts periſh.* Though the *Rich Mans Wealth be his Tower, and a ſtrong hold in his conceite*, yet Death can ſcale his Walls, and ſtorm his Fort, or pick his Locks, and creep in at his Windows, or ſlide in at a Loop-hole; and Riches cannot bribe him, nor a Golden Shield bear off his darts. That Rich Fool in the Goſpel, who bleſt himſelf with Barnes-full, as if nothing would deſtroy but ſtarving, was confuted with a vengeance when the ſummons came, *Stulte hac nocte, Thou Fool, this night thy Soul ſhall be required of thee.* *Solomon* and *Cræſus*, *Alexander* and *Cæſar*, *Conſtantine* and *Charles*, and all the *Magni & Maximi*, are ſuch loud Inſtances of this, it were ſuperfluous to weary you with more. Pſal. 49. 12. Pro. 10. 15. Luke 12. 21.

Be wiſe now therefore O Ye Kings, be Inſtructed Ye Judges of the Earth, Serve the Lord with Fear, Kiſs the Sun leaſt he be angry, and when you dye, (as dye you muſt,) you dye again, and periſh Everlaſtingly. Pſal. 2. 10.

Know

Prov. 11. 4. Know ere it be too late, that Riches will not profit in the day of wrath, or be accepted as your Ransome,
Psal. 62. 10. and therefore trust not in them, and *when they encrease, set not your hearts upon them.* I shall shutt up this with those Golden Words of St. *Augustin*, which conclude the third *Tome* of his Works.

Thou prides't thy self in thy Riches, and the Nobility of thy Ancestors, thou boastest of thy Country, and the Beauty of thy Body, and the Honours conferr'd upon thee; But consider thy self, that thou art Mortal, that thou art Dust, and must return to dust; Look upon them, who before thee, glistered with like gayeties; Where now are those who were incircled with a traine of Citizens? Where the Inconquerable Emperours? Where those who called, and could appoint Publick Assemblies, and Solemn Meetings? Now all is Dust, all's Ashes. Now a few Verses comprehend their Story. Look now into their Graves, and see which was the Servant, which the Lord, which the Poor Man, which the Rich, distinguish if thou canst, the Captive from the King, the Strong from the Weak, the Comly from the Deformed; think of this, and it will keep thee humble, and thou canst not but remember it, unless thou forget thy self.

Divitiis, floribus & majorum Nobilitate te jactas, & exultas de Patria, & pulcritudine corporis, & Honoribus qui tibi ab hominibus deferuntur? respice te quia mortalis es, & Terra es, & in terram ibis. Circumspice eos qui ante te similibus splendoribus fulsere. Ubi sunt quos ambiebant Civium Potentatus? Ubi in Superabiles Imperatores? Ubi qui convenitus dishonebant & Festa? Ubi equorum splendidi invectores? Ubi exercituum duces? Ubi Satrapæ Tyranuici; Nunc omnia pulvis, nunc omnia favillæ, nunc in paucis versibus eorum vitæ memoria; Respice Sepulchra, & vide quis Servus, quis Dominus, quis Pauper, quis Dives, Discerne si potes Virginem a Rege, Fortem a Debili Pulchrum a Deformi; Memor sis itaque ne exoltaris aliquando. Memor autem eris, si te ipsum respexeris.

4. *Only*

4. *Onely Children cannot escape*; μονογενὴς *Unigenitus*, *Quod plus est quam unicus, quem solum genuerat*, The onely begotten on her that bare him; these are our *Darlings*, as we translate יחידתי *Unicam meam.* No Argument moves pitty more, then when those are taken from us; yet *Death* knows none to *spare* them to us; the *Widow* of *Sarepta's Onely* Son *dyes*, and so doth *Jarus's Onely* Daughter; and *Abraham* must *Offer* up his *Onely* Son *Isaack* whom he Loved, and *Jephtha* his *Onely* Daughter. Psal. 22. 20. 1 King. 17. 17. St. Luke 7. 12. Gen. 22. Jud. 11. 34

Death aymes so right, hee'l *hit* a single mark, and needs not shoot at *Herds*; and *God* often guides his *Darts* this way:

1. Because they are *Over-loved*, and stand so full betwixt their Parents heart, and Him, He cannot be *Lov'd* Himself, till they are *Removed* out of'th way.

2. To *Try* their *Obedience*, *Faith* and *Patience*, as He *Tempted Abraham.* Gen. 22. 1.

3. To *Honour* them before the World, and make it known how *quietly* they'l part with any thing He pleases to call for, though never so dear.

Lastly, to *fit* them by so deep a sorrow for some more *Excellent* and lasting *Good*, and *Joy*, He hath in readiness to give them in Exchange; It being Gods usuall *Method*, as *Luther* Observes, when He hath some *Eminent Comforts* to bestow, or some *Signal Service* to imploy us in, to *Usher* them in with some great Tryal, and Temptation.

Oh therefore let not those, whose *Store* is so *Compendious*, too fondly *hug* those deareſt *Pledges*, leaſt God grow *jealous*, and be forc't to deal with them, as he is uſed to do with his *Rivalls*; and those who ſtand in *Competition* with *Himſelf*.

5. *Whole Families may fail in Childleſs Heirs.* Death takes *root* and *branch*, and doth not onely deal by *Retale*, but ſlayes by *Whole-Sale*, and with compendious and ſtupendous ſtroaks, mowes down a Family at one blow, and ſweeps away the hopes of all Poſterity, as if he gap't for the Inheritance and all, and had reſolved with those bloody Rebells, *Come, this is the Heir, let us ſlay him, that the Inheritance may be ours.*

Tolli cum Regibus regna populique cum gentibus ruere fatum ſuum, Sen.

St Mat. 21. 38.

Thus *fayled* the two Young Sons of *Greateſt Alexander*, Heirs of their Fathers Conqueſts, all the World; Thus half the Provinces *Eſcheated* into the hands of the People of *Rome* when they were Lords-Paramount of the Earth; and of *Forty Emperours*, from *Julius Cæſar* to *Conſtantine* the Great; but four, left Heirs of Lineal Deſcent, and all of them the *Worſt*, which ever wore the Roman Purple; Their Fathers *Vomicæ & Carcinomita*, Soars and Ulcers, as *Auguſtus* called his Daughters, three of whom had been happy unto Envy, had they dyed Childleſs, as *Auguſtus* wiſht he had Lived.

Veſpaſian, Antonnus Philoſophus, Severus, Valerian. Domitian Commodus, Baſſianus, Gallienus.

Felix Infortunio qui caret liberis Sen.

Oh! therefore let not your *Inward thoughts* be, that your *Families* ſhall continue for ever, and your *Dwelling-Places* bear your Names to all Generations;

Their

Their way, is their folly who do so, Pſal. 49. 13. But know that *Riches are not for ever, neither doth the Crown Endure to all Generations.* And let not ſuch *blows* too much *deject* thoſe on whom they *Light*, becauſe nothing is befallen them, *but what is common to Man,* 1 *Cor.* 10. 13. Prov. 27. 24.

6. *Former ſorrows do not excuſe us from ſucceeding griefs.* The poor *Mother* in the Text, whom the laſt *Funeral* made a *Widow*, is made *Childleſs* too by this. *All thy Waves and Billowes are gone over me*, one in the neck, or on the back of another; troubles are often born out of the Womb of Providence, as *Eſau* and *Jacob* came from *Rebecca*, linckt together, and holding each other by the heel. Pſal. 42. 7.

Take we *heed* then we *flatter* not our ſelves, nor ſay with *Agag, The bitterneſs is paſt*, nor liſten to a *Deſperate* and *Blaſphemous* ſuggeſtion, now let him do his *Worſt*, I have no more *Marks* left for his *angry Arrows*, nor other *Blots* to *hit*; but with Submiſſe and Humble Reverence, lets *hear* the *Rod* at *preſent*, and *fear* it for the *Future*, and by the firſt laſh, be warned to prepare for, or to prevent the ſecond, and ſo to *ſtand in awe, that we ſin not, leaſt a worſe thing come upon us*, and what we judge the worſt, prove but the beginning of our ſorrows. Not wickedly, as the Poet wittily. *Nil quod iſtic agat tertia tuſſis habet, Mar. Mich.* 6. 9. Pſal. 4. 4. *Joh.* 5. 14.

I might have *added* (and the rather becauſe, the *caſe is Paralel.*

7. That this *Great, Young Man* dyed not i'th *Country* in ſome Remote Obſcure *Ville*, the Relatives of

2 Chron. 16. 12. them who dye so, being ready with *Asa*'s Spirit, to say to some Great *Physitian*, as *Martha* did to *Christ*; John 11 21. Sir, *If thou hadst been here, my Brother had not dyed.* But in the *City*, *Inter Turbam Medicorum*, where probably no *Ayd* was wanting, which Able, Skilfull *Physitians* could afford.

And 8. In his *Mothers House*, and *Bosome*, who now was his Nurse, the second time her self; and therefore he *wanted not* most Carefull *looking too, tis not for want of Physick, or good Nurses, that Men are cast away*, or lost, as some too often speak; but where ever they be, and whatever help they do enjoy, whom Death comes for, he will not go without them; but will *force* them out of the most *Skilfull*, *Faithfull*, *Painfull*, *Carefull*, *Loving* and *Tender* hands, and all the Strongest Guards which those can set about them.

Thus have you seen the *Herse* passe by, and heard its *Scutcheons Blazoned*; wee'l *view* the train of *mourners* with a quicker glance. And that *deep mourner* following next-the-*Beir*, is his *Distressed Mother*, close-hooded, with a Cloud, of thick, and blackest sorrow; and over that, a vayle of *Love*, of *Womans Love*, of *Mothers Love*, of *Mothers Love* unto an *Onely Son*, the truest Mourning dress; and over all, a *dark Umbrella*, made of the *Shaddow of Death*, supported by the fatal Sisters. *She's the Chief Mourner*, not in *Pomp* and *Cerimony*, but in deep *Anguish*, and *bitterness* of Soul. She brings him forth; —— And this

Οἵας ὑπέστη ἐκ δευτέρου πόλιν ὠδῖνας ἐν ψυχῇ οὐκ ἐν σώματι, ὅτε αὐτῆς οὗτος ὁ βλαστὸς ἀπετίλλετο? Nyss. in fun. Pulch.

this is the *second* time she *Travells* of him (and no Travells so difficult as of dead Children) he came from her *Womb before*, but *now*, and *never* untill *now* he comes from her *Inmost Bowells*, her former *Pangs* might *rend* her *Flesh*, these smarter *throws* do *Rack* and *Tear* her very *Heart* and *Soul*; and as before, he was born for her *Ease*, though with her *Paine*, so now doth she *bring him forth* for her *Safty*, though with great *Danger*; she is in danger to weep to death at *parting*, *yet must they part*; If *she'l* not *send* out *him*, *he'l sent* out her; one House cannot hold them now, such is our sad necessity, *We must bury our dead out of our sight* and *smelling*; but she's resolved to see him Hous'd and Lodg'd, in his *Long home*; and while he passes thither, the *Mourners go about the Streets*. *Much People of the City was with her.*

St. Luke 2. 35. A Sword shall pierce through thy own Soul.

Gen. 2. 34.

Tis a *Custome* without date, and might have urged prescription many Ages since, for Friends to give attendance at the Obseques of their disceased Worthies; this we read *practised*, and *approved*, both, in *Sacred* and *Common* Story; thus, at the death of *Abraham*, his Sons are said to bury him, so *Isaac*, so *Jacob*, of whom it is Recorded, that *Joseph went up to bury his Father, and with him went up all the Servants of* Pharaoh, *and the Elders of his House, and all the Elders of the Land of* Ægypt; *And all the House of* Joseph, *and his Brethren and his Fathers House; and they went up with Chariots, and with Horse-men, and it was a very great Company, and they Mourned with a very great and sore Lamentation.*

Antiquorum pastorum funera curata sunt, & exequiæ celebratæ, & sepultura provisa. Aug. de cura pro mort.

Gen. 25. 9. 26. 29. 50. 7, 8.

1 Sam. 25. 1. 1 Kings 14. 15. 2 Chron. 24. 15, 16. Acts 8. 2. So all *Israel* Lamented *Samuel*, and buried him, so *David* and *Jeroboams* Young Son, and *Jehojada*, and *Josiah*, 2 *Chron.* 35. 25.

So *St. Stephen* in the New Testament, *Whom devout men buried, and made great Lamentation for him.* Not that this avails them any thing as to their state in the other World; For *Corpori humano quicquid impenditur, non est presidium salutis, sed humanitatis officium.*

But 1. Is for their *Honour* here, being a *decent Respect* we pay to their *Name* and *Memory*, it being a favour to live *Desired*, and dye *Lamented*, and a *Curse*, and *Reproach* to be buried, with the burial of an *Ass*, as was threatned against *Jehojakim*, and others, *They shall not be lamented nor buried, but be as dung upon the face of the Earth, which is an Earnest that their Names shall Rot.*

Jer. 22. 19. Jer. 6. 4.

2. *Charitatis ergò*, In *Charity* to the Living for their *Comfort*, and alleviating of their sorrow, while their burden is made lighter, by many helping them to bear it, as the Jewes came lovingly to *Comfort Martha and Mary because of their Brother Lazarus.* *Curatio funeris, conditio Sepulturæ, pompa exequiarum, magis vivorum solatia sunt, quam subsidia mortuorum.*

John 11. 31. August ubi Supra.

3. *Pietatis ergò*, for their own advantage, and increase of piety; *Tis good to go to the House of Mourning, for by the sadness of the Countenance, the heart is made better, while the living lay it to their heart.* The

Eccl. 7. 3.

House,

House of Mourning is the School of Wisdome, the Grave hath a *Teaching*, as well as a *Devouring* mouth, and the Coffin is a Pulpit from whence the *Dead yet speak*, and warn us to behold our mortality in their frailty, and to prepare to follow them, to dye to this uncertain World, to mortifie our sins that they may dye before us, and to make sure of the first Resurrection, that as we *must* dye *once*, we *may* dye *but once*.

Propter fidem resurrectionis Astruendam.

4. *Fidei testificandæ ergò*, to testifie our *Faith* in that great Article of the Resurrection of the dead, which is the *Basis* of a Christians Comforts, *Tota spes Christianorum Resurrectio mortuorum*; For, *if in this life onely we have hope, we are of all men most Miserable.*

1 Cor. 15.

Now in this *Solemn Equipage* these Mournfull Friends bring forth this Corps, are carrying him out of the City, both as the Jewes and Romans used to bury; *Ob nitorem, sanitatem, legalem munditiem.*

Hinc colligere videos Sepulchra sua habuisse non in urbe sed extra urbem, idque tum ob nitorem tum ob sanitatem, ne cadavera suo fœtore & putredine aerem inficerent. Cornel. a Lap.

1. For *Decency* and *Splendour* that the Graves and Sepulchers might not deface the comliness and beauty of their Cities.

2. For *Safety* and *Health*, that the *fetent exhalations*, and *noysome* and *noxious vapours* of the Graves might not infect the ayre, and hazzard the health of the Living.

3. *For legal purity and cleaness*, that neither themselves nor habitations might be *defiled* by the dead; and our present custome of burying in or about our

Churches

Churches and places of our Solemne Assemblies for Gods Worship, was brought in upon Opinion that it would *advantage the dead* to be buried near some *holy Martyr*, over whose Graves usually those *Basilicæ*, Stately Edifices were *Erected*; and the answering of that case, propounded to him by *Paulinus* Bishop of *Nola*, *Utrum prosit alicui post mortem, quod corpus ejus apud sancti alicujus memoriam sepelitur*, gave occasion to *St. Augustin* to Write that Book, *De Cura pro Mortuis gerenda*, in the 4th Tome of his Works, where he resolves it in the Negative.

Thus have you past the *cloudy side* of the *Text*, which hath *besprinkled* you with showers of sorrow, whilst you were viewing of the *Herse*, the *Mourners*, and their *Solemn March*, while they attend deaths *Chariot*, thats carrying home his prisoner to the house of darkness.

And now we have compast it so long, untill the *brighter* side begins to *glimmer* and *appear*, for *Behold*, yea behold and wonder at the *seasonable* mercy, the *Lord* of *Life* and *Death* most unexpectedly appears; Christ, *Cujus occursus & obtutus, semper felix est & faustus*, Comes and meets them at the very *Gate*, and brings relief and rescue, and gives a *cordial* to the *fainting* Mother, —— *Weep not.*

Faustinus in Loc.

The Order is thus,

1. He meets the Object seasonably, both the *Course*, and *Mourners*, —— *He saw her.*

2. That

2. That moves his heart effectually, —— *He was moved with compaſſion.*

3. That commands his tongue to ſpeak good words and Comfortable; —— *Weep not.* Obſerve.

Affectum cordis, affatum oris effectum operis commitatur. Bonavent.

1. *The Lord is near, and ready, in our greateſt ſtreights.*

2. *Chriſt was exceeding full of tendereſt humanity and Bowells.*

3. *Chriſts compaſſions are active and relieving, full of help, He pitties, then He ſpeaks.*

1. The *Lord is near*, —— not in his eſſence only in which reſpect he's never *far* from any; *For in him we live and move and have our being*, but in his gracious compaſſions, willing to *meet* us, in our moans and plaints. Yea, ready to prevent us, and before we *call*, to *anſwer*. Our ſtreights are often ſuch they cannot bear thoſe *tarda molimina*, thoſe *ſuccours* which are *ſlow*, though *ſure*. He knows, that *hope defer'd, deſtroys*, therefore will not defer, but comes on *Eagles* wings, and often doth un-askt, what we are taught to aske him; *O God make ſpeed to ſave us, O Lord make haſt to help us.* He that hath charged us, *Not to with hold good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of our hand to do it, nor to ſay to our Neighbour, go, and come again, and to morrow I will give, when thou haſt it by thee*; will not do ſo himſelf.

Act. 17.

Prov. 3. 27, 28.

2. *Chriſt was exceeding full of tendereſt bowells*; He *wept* over *Lazarus*, and He *wept* over *Jeruſalem*, ——

Mat. 9. 36. 14. 14. *Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that thou hadst known the things which do concern thy peace*; —— His *Bowells* yearned here, and He was moved with Compassion often towards others.

Psal. 111. 4. 112. 4. *Christ* in the *Flesh*, is the *Visible* Image of the *Invisible* God, and to our *sence* and sweetest *experience* he makes it manifest, that *the Lord is good to all*, and *that his tender mercies are over all his works*; that the *Lord is full of Compassion and Gratious*; and while he sees the Mother weeping, and not able to forget her Son,

Isa. 49. 15. it minds him of his promise, *Can a Woman forget her Child, that she should not have compassion on the Son of her Womb?* Yea, *they may forget*, yet will not I forget thee. He is the Lamb, the Dove, the Lion, (which is as kind as strong) *Emblems* all of Clemency.

Leo, mitissimus, ita clementissimus, Saith the Naturalist. It argued great sweetnesse to vouch-safe to *look* on mournfull objects, when he *met* them, and more to *go* and *find* them out, as here. *Casu & fortuito si causas secundas species occurrit Christo sumus, sed Christo hic occursus erat provisus, provisus & destinatus ut mortuum sanaret.* He came not by chance, but on designe to help.

Oh then, let us not *despond* in any of our sorrows; *Tis well worth while to be distrest, to have the Lord Compassionate us*; and doubtlesse he is as ready now to

As St. *Augst.* Of his Mother. do it, as when he was on Earth. *Absit ut vita feliciori factus sit credelis.* God forbid we should suppose him lesse kind by being more Glorious and Happy; though he be in Heaven; from *Heaven* he beholds the

Children

Children of Men, and *considers* not our *sins* only, but our *Sorrows* also; We have him still, such an *High Priest*, *As can be touched with our Infirmities*, though he be *Passed into the Heavens*, As the Apostle expresly Speaks, *Heb.* 4. 14, 15.

And *Let the same mind be in us which was*, and is also, *in Christ Jesus*; Let us not turn away our eyes with *Cruell*, *Proud*, or *Coy* disdain from the sorrowfull objects which meet us in every Street; *Turn not thine eye away from thine own Flesh.* *Phil.* 2. 5.

Let *our eye affect our hearts* with Sympathy, and *let us have compassion on one another*, and *Love as Brethren*, and be *Pitifull* and *courteous.* *Luk.* 3. 51. 1. *Pet.* 3. 9.

3. *Christs compassions are Active and R lieving.*

First, He *Pities*, then He *Comforts*, then He *Helps.*

His Office is to *comfort* them that *mourn* in *Zion*, *to bind up the broken-hearted*, and to give the *Oyle of gladness for mourning* and he is faithfull, and will discharge his *Trust*, and his *Title* is, *He that comforteth them who are cast down?* He hath not onely a *Bag* for our *Iniquities*, to seal up them, but a *Bottle* for our *tears* to put them up. He doth not *delight* to *grieve* us, and when he is *constrained* to do it, *In all our Affliction he is Afflicted*, and *Sympathizeth* with us, and the *wounds* he *makes*, he *heals*, and bindeth up, and causeth the *bones* which he hath *broken* to *rejoyce.* *Isa.* 61. 1, 2, 3. *Prov.* 12. 25.

And because a *good* word makes *glad* the heart, which *stoopes* with *heavineß*, and is the *earnest* of farther help, therefore he speaks good words, and comfortable words: Woman, why *weepest thou?* be of *good chear*, —— *Weep not*, —— and many more like these. He dryes her *eyes* with his *Word*, whose *heart* shall be relieved by his *work*: these words, *weep not*, do not forbid *Naturall Affection*, but inordinate *passion*, not *tears* simply, but their excess, (*for all exceß is sin*) not tears of *Sympathy* and *parentall tenderneße*, and *pious Bowells*, for he *wept* for *Lazarus* himself; but *repining* tears, *dispairing* tears, the tears of them who *sorrow as Men without hope*; and he that said unto her, *Weep not*, was resolved to give her Cause, to take his Council, and to *sluce* up effectually those *griefs*, he there indeavours to *asswage*.

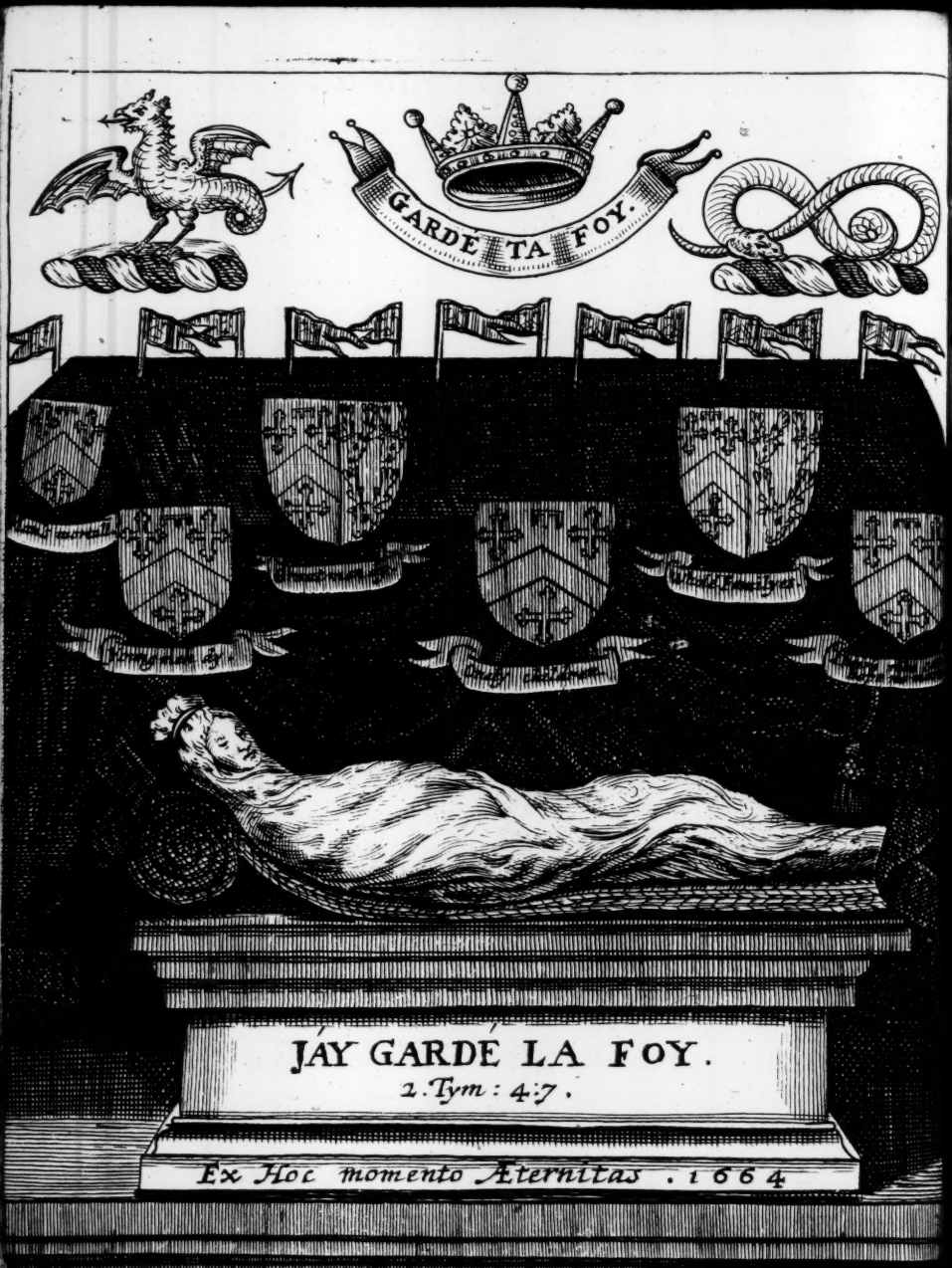
Dixiste mortuum flere, quem mox vivum resurgere videbis, A Lap.

And although from this particular and *special* case and *Miracle* we cannot argue that we may expect the *same* or like in *kind*; yet, in it may we read his *heart* and *hand*, and be assured both of his *Ability* and *Willingneß* to help in greatest streights; yea of his Wisdome too, that he knows *how* and *when* to do it, so as shall be *best*; and that he will not suffer us to be *tempted above what we are able to bear*, but will fit our *burdens* to our *backs*, or else our *back* to our *burden*, and will counterpoize our *sorrows*, with some equivalent joyes, or will so *strengthen* our Faith, *increase* our patience, and *calme* and sedate our minds with

silent

ſilent *Acquieſcence*, and through *Reſignation*, that all the *Uneaſineſs*, and diſcompoſing *Moleſtation* of our *heavieſt burdens*, ſhall be removed.

Quia hoc auxilium eſt extraordinarium miraculum nos ſane non habemus ſpecialem promiſſionem quod Deus tali extraordinario modo nos velit ſublevare. Sed hoc miraculo confirmatur generalis promiſſio & fides quod habemus talem pontificem qui conſpecta noſtrarum calamitatum ad ſympathiam commovetur, quique licet differat tamen fidelis eſt, nec ſinit nos tentari ultra quam poſſumus, 1 *Cor.* 10. 13. Sed vel liberat, vel mitigat, vel cor conſolatione perfundit, patientia confirmat, fide erigit, & ſuſtentat & hæc eſt vera explicatio iſtius, beati qui lugent quia conſolationem accipient.


GARDE TA FOY.
JAY GARDÉ LA FOY.
2. Tym: 4:7.
Ex Hoc momento Æternitas . 1664

I now come to my *other Text*, a *Text indeed, dark* and moſt *intricate*; Though all the *Texts* of Providence are hardly *commented*, yet ſome are more *abſtruce*; and needs muſt this be ſuch, which is an *intangled complicated heap* of *difficulties*; a *Text* that is written in *Text Letters* (the blackeſt of all Characters) in the Volume of Gods works. You have heard *One* Sermon, and if your *Eares* be *tyred*, let your *Eyes relieve* them; (but I muſt confeſſe tis ſad relief) come *ſee* another; and, *As, we have heard, ſo have we ſeen, this day is this Scripture fulfulled in your eares*, and eyes. Lo, *here is* an *heavier* Comment on our *heavy* Text alas, but too exact a Counterpayne of that ſad Narrative! the *Sermon tranſlated* into ſuch a *Language*, as your *eyes* can underſtand. A *Sacrament* added to the *Word*, to convince you, and confirm your *Faith*, of Mans Mortality, beyond *recoyle* or *heſitancy*; *En magnum fragilitatis humanæ Sacramentum*, the word confirmed by viſible ſignes. My *Text* of *Death* ſo *painted* to the *Life*, that he, that *runs may read it*; If e're twere true, *tis now*, that, *Pictures are Idiots Books*; Look on that dolefull Picture of fading *Youth* and *Greatneſs*; and you that *can* never a Letter in the Book, may *ſpell* the whole *Story*, word for word, without Inſtructer.

Luke 4. 21.

Oh

Oh you *Ingenious*, but *Fruitleſs*, and ſo *unhappy ſearchers*, for an *univerſall character*, which may with *ſtill* and *ſilent* glances, conveigh and whiſper to our *Intellect*, the natures and notices of things, εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα, we *find* alas *too ſoon*, what you have *ſought too long*. Though I were *dumb*, or had *forgot* my Text, one glance *repeats* it unto them, *recalls* it unto me.

In paucis verbis quantæ calamitatis & miſeriæ?

In that *viſible* Sermon; *Behold*,

A Dead Man.

A Young Man.

A Great, a Noble Man.

An Onely begotten Son.

An Heir without an Heir. —*Each word's a wound.*

Quot verba, tot vulnera;

Here are *all* the mournfull circumſtances but *one*, and bleſſed be God that we meet a full ſtop, before we read to the end of the line. — *And ſhe was a Widow*, let us lay *hold* on't as a *better Omen*, there may be yet a bleſſing in it; Let this a while ſuſtaine you till I can run, and fetch you ſome more *Cordialls*; which you muſt ſtay a little for, becauſe my way lyes round the *Herſe* again, the viewing which, will ſtop my haſt.

1. That *Mournfull ſable Pall*, tells us ſad tidings, that a *Man* is *Dead*, and *ſhrouded* under it; and tis alas too true, the *dead remains* of him, who this day *Seven night* was *alive*, and this day *Fort-night* was a *Lively, Likely* Man to *live*; *Verily every Man living is altogether vanity.* Hear what advice he whiſpers, *Watch*, for whats my caſe to day, may be thine to morrow; *Be ye therefore ready alſo, for the Son of Man cometh*

Hodie mihi, cras tibi.

cometh when you think not, and in an hour when ye are not aware. St. Luke 12. 40.

2. A *Young Man* in the Flower and Blooming of his Age, not fully yet of *Age*, not of *Disposing* Age, in the Laws and Stile of *England*; Yet at *Age* to be dispos'd of in the *Chambers* of Death: An *Ear*, nay, an whole *Sheaf*, nay, an whole *Field*, *Reapt* by Death's Fatall *Sickle*, before 'twas *ripe*, or *set*, or *Kern'd*; As if in an immature Harvest, you should reap to * morrow; a *Rose Bud* gather'd ere 'twas blown; a *Torch* puft out, not half consumed; an *Hour-Glass* dash't, and pash't in peices, and all the Sand spilt, and lost, before it was a third part run: *What Age is safe from Fate?* In the very mid'st of Life we are in Death; Of whom may we look for help, but from thee O Lord, who for our sins most justly art displeased? *Oh Teach us to Number our dayes, that we may apply our hearts to Wisdome, and that we may know how frail we are.*

*Being in *May*.

Νεοθαλὲς ἄνθος ὅ ἔπω μὴν ὅλον τῶν κωλύκων ἐξέλαμψεν; ἀλλὰ τὸ μὴν ἔλαμψεν ἤδη, τὸ δὲ λάμψειν ἠλπίζετο. Greg. Nyss. de Pulch.

Psal. 90. 12.

3. But those Coat Armours, *Ruby* and *Topas*, *Diamond* and *Pearle*, speak him some Noted Personage. I need not aske the Question here, which *David* ask't over *Abner*'s Herse; *Know You not that a Prince and a Great Man is fallen this day?* You know it well, unto your Cost and Sorrow; and see, by Dear Experience; In this *Fourth* dolefull *Instance*, in one *Family*, all of *Recent*, and *Fresh-bleeding Memory*; that *Earldoms*, and *Perage Nobility*, and *Honour*, *Lordships*,

Nobilis quasi nescibilis.

and *Manours*, *Poſſeſſions*, and *Apparances*, *Gold*, and *Silver*, *Pallaces*, and *Parks*, and ſtore of *Richeſt Lands*, and *Talleſt Timber*; and what ever elſe the World calls *Noble*, *Grand*, and *Stately*; cann't ſhade, or hide their *Lords* from *Death*, are no good *Breſt-Works* againſt his *Bullets*; nor beſt charg'd *Shields*, *ſecurity* againſt the *Arrows* of *Mortality*. Death with his ill-match't-pair, of *Pale* and *Sable Hackneyes*, out-drives the goodlieſt Sets of *Sixes*.

'Twere as *impertinent*, as the *Philoſopher*'s reading a Lecture of War-like Diſcipline in the preſence of *Hannibal*; for me to *unfurle* his crimſon *Enſigns*, and *Unfold* and *Diſplay* his *Splendid Banners*, or paint out, and Deliniate his thrice Honourable *Stem*, amongſt thoſe to whom they have been now ſo long *Familiar*; and as ſuperfluous to *Blazon* his Scutcheons in that Country, which hath ſo long been irradiated in every corner, with the Illuſtrious Rayes of his croſs-Croſlets *Sol*, in their Field *Mars*; or inriched and ſecured by thoſe *Ruby* Shields, gliſtening with *Topaz*.

'Twould but *Adorn* Deaths ſpoyles, and more *Inhaunce* his Triumphs, to tell you that his *Captive*, was the *Onely-Son* of an Antient *Hereditary* Earledome; By *Blood*, and *Marriage*, The *Son* of *Two*, the *Grand-Child* of *Four* Eminent Earls; and as many Counteſſes; and *Nephew* to more *Peers*, then all *Arithmetick* hath *Digits*; *Deriv'd* from, or *Alli'd* to, almoſt all the *Noble* Blood, that runs in *Engliſh*, and in *Engliſh-Iriſh* Veins.

A

A *Branch* of two *Families*: The *One* the Grand Nurſery of *Antient Piety*: the *Other* the Happy Source of *Newest Ingenuity*; a *Society of virtuoſi within themſelves*; the *Original*, and *Architypes* of thoſe, *Inſigniz'd* with that Noble *Character*; In a word, the Son of Two Bloods, which I may boldly call; not the *leaſt* Ornaments, of two *Great* Kingdomes: And *indued*, with all thoſe *Generous*, *Lovely*, *Innobling* Excellencies, which might *Retribute* what he *Borrowed* from ſuch *Blood*, and would (Oh unhappineſs he hath not!) have *Tranſmitted* it to his *Poſterity*, Inrich't (if it be capable of more, and hath not attain'd its *Acme*) with *increaſed* glory; Yet *now* muſt lye down in *Obſcurity* and *Duſt*, under the *Diſhonours*, *Reproaches* and *Squallidneſs*, of Death; *Stript* and *Diſrobed* of all his *Amiable*, *Manly*, *Goodly*, *Beauty*, *Proportions*, *Features*; calling *Corruption*, *Rottenneſs*, and *Worms*; *Mother*, *Brother*, *Siſter*.

His Mother was the Lady *Mary Boyl*, Daughter to the Earle of *Corck*.

Ceaſe then from Man whoſe breath is in his Noſtrills; for wherein is he to be accounted of? And *Truſt not in Princes, nor in any Son of Man*; for when *his breath goeth forth, he returneth to his Earth, in that very day his thoughts periſh: Surely all Fleſh is Graſs, yea, the goodlineſs thereof, as the Flower of the Field.*

Iſa. 2. 22. *Pſal.* 146. 3, 4.

4. The next *Impaled Shield*, tells me he was a *Son*, and thoſe unwelcome *Labells* hint immature death; nay an *Onely One*, yea an *Onely Begotten* One; (griefs in a cluſter,) *huic illæ lacrymæ*, this gives the killing Accent.

What the good Woman feared in a *Parable*, is
2 Sam. 14. 7. here fullfilled *without one*, and his perplexed Mother, may with anguiſh of diſtreſs cry out, *My coal that was left is quenched, and to my Husband is not left Name or Remainder upon the Earth*: This is ſo deep a *Key*, no *Baſe* can touch it, but the hoarſeſt *ſobbs* and *groans*; A *Note* ſo ſuperlatively above *Ela*, no *female trebble*'s ſhrill enough to *Reach* it, and keep *Tune*; 'Twill *crack* our ſorrows into *Schreeks* and *Squeling*, but to venture at it; and would be ſome Apology, if *Rachell* like, his deareſt Mother, ſhould be obſtinate in ſorrow, and *refuſe to be comforted.*

Fugientis naturæ in ſucceſſore pignus remanet, & extinguentis jam luminis lucerna ex parte accenſa.

5. Childleſs too himſelf; more ſorrow ſtill, had he but left an Heir, and lived a vicarious life; liv'd in another, though he had dyed himſelf; left but an Hoſtage in his ſteed; rack't up one ſpark to kindle more, we could have ſpared him better; had he Knit on an end, to lengthen out his Line, and fixt one Linck to keep the Chain intire, the Wound had been Curable, and the breach more Reparable.

Nodoſa æternitas ſucceſſio liberorum. Ætatis incrementum.

Jer. 15. 18. But now the *pain is perpetual*, therefore *will we*
Mich. 1. 8. *Wayle, and Howle, and go ſtrip't and naked, and make a Wayling like the Dragons, and Mourning as the Owls.*

But Laſtly, becauſe no *Sorrows* are *Superlative*, which want the *Empheſis* of *Widow* (that ours may be more then ſuch) *that*'s here with full *Advantage*. Though his Right Honourable *Mother* be not ſo; yet is his *Sweet*, and *Deareſt Lady ſuch*, with ſo much

ſorer

forer agravation, as her tender years are leſs accuſtom'd to endure it: and be diſtreſſed, with the doleſull *Epithite* of *Dowager*, ſo immaturely. So *ſoon*, ſo *ſuddainly*, is ſhe bereaved of him, as if ſhe had onely had him, to be made *miſerable* by *looſing* of him: and in him ſuch an *Honour*, and *Happineſs*, as his *High Ranck*, and *Higher Sweetneſs*, *Kindneſs*, *Nobleneſs* of mind, poſſeſt her of in *Him*. The ſmart and ſorrows of our loſſes, have no true Standard, but the content and joy, we had in their fruition.

But I forget *my Self* and *You*, 'tis *Cruelty* to *gall* your *bleeding* hearts *afreſh*; To *Rake* in your *wounds*, and longer *vex* thoſe *eyes*, are half *wept* out already; and *draw* more ſluces, when all the *Banks* run over; *Claudite jam rivos*; what I have *drawn* already, was not to *hurt*, but *help* you, to give your ſorrows *vent*, leaſt they ſhould *feſter* inward.

Tears help to ſwage our griefe,
And yield us ſome reliefe.

Sedatur lacrymis, egeriturque dolor, Ovid.

Now let me haſten to refreſh you, and reaſſume, the bright ſide of my Text; *Weep not*; at leaſt, *No more*, when we have wept *enough* already: Not that he can *ſoon*, or *eaſily*, be *ſufficiently* bewayled; but we muſt not ſhed *ſo many* tears as he *deſerves*, leaſt we ſhed abundance *more* then he *needs*, or we can ſpare, or God allowes.

Nihil difficilius quam magno dolori paria verba reperire. Senec.

And though the task, be hard to counterpoize your sorrowes, yet Accept these *Anodines*, which may *dissolve*, and *mollifie* the tumour, *asswage* the smart, and *ease* the throbbing; they are *Collyria* fitted for such *eyes*. And let me speak as if more of the most-concern'd were present; for if any thing be spoken *worth* the carriage, you that are *present*, may transmit it, to the *absent*; As *Gregory Nyssen* spoke in his Funeral Oration for Young *Pulcheria*.

Εἰ γὰρ καὶ μὴ πάντες οἱ τοῦ κακοῦ συμμετέκοντες τῷ συλλόγῳ πάρεισιν ἀλλὰ διὰ τῶν παρόντων ἴσως καὶ εἰς τοὺς μὴ πάροντας ὁ λόγος διαδυθήσεται

But because *they* must *digg deep*, who will *build sure*; and begin *below*, who would *ascend*. I will lay the *First* Stone under *ground*; within the *Earth* of his *Mortality*; and lead you *gradually* to *higher* Comforts.

Utrum stultius, mortalitatis legem ignorare, an recusare?

Weep not; for he was Mortall, he must have died ere long: What wise man sheds his tears, because his *Roses shed* their *leaves*? He came into the World under this Law; *Nulli contigit impune nasci*; No man is born on cheaper terms, then a necessity of dying. He answered as became a Gallant man; who entertain'd the Message of his Sons discease, with, *Ego cum genui tum moriturum scivi*; I knew when I begat him, he must dye; *huic rei sustuli*. And 'tis but a *little*, *little* sooner that *he's* gone. A few more *changes* of the *Night* and *Day*, and *fewer* of the *Summer* and *Winter*, would have brought *him*, and will bring *us*, where we shall *change* no more. We *all* must follow in the *Order* set us; had you a

Seneca.

Maximum solatium est cogitare id sibi accidisse, quod ante se passi sunt omnes, omnesque passuri & ideo mihi videtur rerum natura quod gravissimum fecit, commune fecisse, ut crudelitatem fati consolaretur æqualitas. Sen. ad Polys.

View,

View, (larger then that which *Xerxes*) took, of all *Man-kind* at once; You might conclude with him, not *one* of them ſhould be *alive*, within an *hundred* years. Fate's *impartiality*, makes ſome amends, for it's *Severity*. Yea, the *end* of *all* things ſeems to haſten, and not to be at ſuch a *diſtance*, as ſecure *Atheiſts* would fain *perſwade* themſelves.

Weep not; he *dyed* not in a *Forreign* Land, at a *neglected* diſtance (the Seas return'd him ſafe;) But in a *Mothers Boſome*, where *ſhe* both *might*, and *did*, aſſiſt his *Soul* and *Body* with the moſt pious tenderneſs; and was her own witneſs, with what *faithfullneſs* and *Care*, *Chaplain*, *Phyſitians*, *Nurſes*, all *Attendants*, performed towards him.

ubi non licuerit matri ultima filii oſcula gratamque extremi ſermonem oris haurire. Sen. ad Martiam.

Weep not; He dyed not *ſuddenly*, by a *ſurprize*, or *ambuſhment* of *Death*; which grants no liberty to *trim a Lamp*. He *dyed* not in a *Broyle* or *Duell*; he *dyed* not *Flagrante Crimine*, in any *Notorious* Sin, or with ſymptomes of *unuſuall Vengeance*; *but in the way of all the Earth*, *the common death of all Men*; Et ſuâ & ſiccâ morte; *In his own ſin*; as *Zelophehad's* Daughters, ſpake of their Father, in oppoſition to *dying* for any *ſignall provocation*.

Mat. 25. 7.

Numb. 16. 29. Num. 27. 3.

Weep not; He's gone *unſoyled*, free from reproachfull *blots* of *Scandalous* Enormities, and needs no tears to *rinſh* him. He did not out-live a good Report, but hath left a *Memory* behind him, *Clean*, and *Unſtained*: a *Lovely Shaddow* of his *Lovely Perſon*, and his *Fairer Mind*. His *Part* was Acted well, and

Redditur illi quale teſtimonium omnium bominum, deſideratur in tuum honorem laudatur in ſuum. Sene. ad Marc.

He's

He's gone off the *Stage*, as Great *Augustus Cæsar* thought he did; and may with him require your *Plaudite*.

2 *Kings* 22.20. *In hoc tam procelloso & in omnes tempestates ex posito mari, navigantibus, nullus portus nisi mortis est.* Seneca.

He's come into his *Grave in Peace*, which was the *Great* Promise to Gods *Friends* of Old.

He hath *escap't* the *Storms*, and is Arrived in the *Port* with *safety*. He's lay'd to *rest* with *Honour*, and his *Unstain'd* Ashes, are *shrined* in immortall *Urns*; whose *Gold* no *rust* can *cancker*, and which will *Try* and *Vex*, the teeth of *Time* it self, to *injure*; and the most *spitefull* Malice, dares not *attempt*, once to *besmear* his *Marble*.

Quis divinat an mors invideri, an consulatur?

Weep not; He's taken from an *Evil* World, which is very *full* of *sin*, and therefore cannot be *void* of *sorrow*; *Evasit omnia vitæ incommoda.* Though he hath left some *good*, he hath escap't more *evills*; and Death did *consult* his *Ease*, and *Safety*, more then *Envy* his *Felicity*: With the *wings* of a *Dove* he is *flown* away, and is out of the *reach* both of *Temptation* and *Trouble*, and shall no more *offend* a *Good* God; nor be *offended* by *bad* men. He is *taken* from the *Evil* to come, and shall not *hear* or *see*, what may make our *hearts* to *ake*, and our *Eares* to *Tingle*, to hear the Relation of; *Si bene computes plus illi remissum, quam ereptum*; If you reckon *right*, you'l find him *gainer* by his loss; 'Tis *better* not to *need*, then to *injoy* whatever he hath *left*; to be *above* them, then to *have* them.

Οὐδὲ γὰρ ἄλλο τί ἐστιν ἐπ' ἀνθρώπων ὁ θάνατος, εἰ μὴ κακίας καθαρσιον Nyss.

Non miser quod amisit sed Beatus quod non desiderat.

Weep

Weep not; for he is not *Extinguisht* but *Removed*; *Non amissus, sed præmissus*; He *ceaseth* not to *be*, but to be *here*. The *House* indeed's *pull'd* down, in order to *repairing*, and raysing up, more *glorious* and *splendid*. But the *Inhabitant* was neither *crushed* with its *Ruines*, nor *soyled* with its *dust*: The *Bird*, the *Angell* *flew* away, at the *disturbance* of the *Nest*; And the *Immortall* Man, made his *escape*, when Death *unlock't* the *Prison* Doors. *The Spirit is return'd to God.* Cyprian.

'Tis a good Observation, one of the Ancients makes upon that passage of God's rewarding *Job*, *Chap.* 42. 10. *The Lord gave* Job *twice as much as he had before*; or, as 'tis in the Hebrew, *Added all that had been unto* Job, *unto the double*; for he had *Fourteen Thousand Sheep*, for his *Seven Thousand*; and *Six Thousand Camells*, for his *Three Thousand*; and a *Thousand Yoake* of *Oxen*; and a *Thousand Shee-Asses*; for *Five Hundred* of Each. But He gave him but Seven Sons, and Three Daughters, the even Number which he had before; Compare *Chap.* 1, 2. with *Chap.* 42. 13. And he gives the reason of it; because, αἱ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ψυχαὶ εἰς ἀεὶ διαμένουσι, τούτου χάριν τῶν ἀπολλυμένων διπλασίαν δέχεται τὴν ἀντίδοσιν. — He gave him *twice* as many *Cattle*, as he had before; but only the *Even Number* of his *Children*, because they *perish't* not, (as did the Cattle) though they *dyed*; and so the *Equal* Number prov'd *Double* in *Effect*; and *Job* had *twice Ten* Children, *half* in *another* World, and *half* in *this*, at

Job. 1. 3. with 42. 12.

Greg. Nyss. *Oratione funeb. pro pulcheria in fine.*

the *ſame* time; though in ſo diſtant place. I need not heap *Arguments*, to prove the Souls *Exiſtence*, after Death; when *Chriſt* hath ſo plainly *told* you, *It cannot be killed*. And that He who is the *God* of the *Living*, not of the *Dead*, is ſtill the *God of Abraham, Iſaac*, and *Jacob*; who therefore do *ſtill* live.

St. *Luke* 12. 4. St. *Mat.* 10. 28. 22. 32.

The Prophet pray'd, that the *Childs Soul* might *return again into him*, not a new one be made for him; And St. *Paul*, ſpeaks moſt expreſly, that *when we are abſent from the body, we ſhall be preſent with the Lord*, 2 *Cor.* 5. 8. and therefore *deſires to be diſſolved*, that he may *be with Chriſt*, *Phil.* 1. 23. Which were a moſt abſurd Argument, if the Soul ſhould bear the Body company in dying. And *the Souls under the Altar* call for vengeance againſt them *who ſhed their blood.*

1 *King.* 17. 21.

Seneca could tell diſconſolate *Mercia*; Imago duntaxat Filii tui periit, & Effigies non ſimillima, ipſe quidem æternus, melioriſque nunc Status eſt, deſpoliatus oneribus alienis, & ſibi relictus. *The Image only of thy Son is periſhed, and the Picture (which was not very like him neither) is defac'd; But he himſelf is Eternall, in a better ſtate eas'd of his uneaſie burden, and now at freedom to injoy himſelf.*

De conſolatione ad Marti. Cap. 24.

Arguments for the Souls immortality and Exiſtence after death.

And if I may ſuggeſt an *Argument* or Two: It would be a *Chaſma* and *Hiatus* in *Nature*, if *ſome* Creatures being wholly *Immortall*, *others* wholly *mortall*; there were not *one* made up of *both*, *Fibula utriuſque mundi*, the *Button* and the *Buckle* of both Worlds, which

which knits and claſps them into one; *Connubium viſibilis & inviſibilis*; The *Beaſt* and *Angell mixt* into *one*, which makes a *medium* betwixt *both*, and *containeth both*.

Doth the *Image* of the *King Perpetuate* his *Coyne*, and render it *Treaſonable* to *Melt* it down? And ſhall not *Gods Image*, much more *preſerve*, what that is *ſtamp't* upon, from periſhing?

It acts *without* the body, and *above* it, *here*, that is an *Earneſt* it can *be* without it *afterwards*; It is a *Spirit*, *conſiſts* not of *Contrarie's*, of *Corruptible*, of *Self-deſtoying* Principles; therefore abides for *Ever*. Hath *Vaſt* and *Everlaſting Expectations*, which Nature would *never* have *impreſt*, if they had been in *vaine*: Laſtly, *conſent* of *Nations Seals* to this *Truth*: *Theſe*, if neither *moſt* nor *beſt*, are ſuch as lay uppermoſt amongſt my ſudden thoughts, and may ſuffice.

Weep not; for *He ſhall Riſe again*; He ſhall not *continue Death's* Everlaſting *Captive*, or the *Graves Eternall* Priſoner: Thy *Husband*, *Son* and *Friend* is but *aſleep*, he ſhall *do well*, and *wake*. The Grave hath been *forc't* and *broken up*, and our True *Sampſon*, hath carried away, the *Gates*, the *Bars*, and *Poſts*, of this *Philiſtian Gaza*. *O Death where is thy ſting? O Grave where is thy Victory?* And when that glorious Morn, draws back the *Curtains*, and *diſpells* the Night, then ſhall he *wake* Refreſh't; and *Riſe*, and *Dreſs* himſelf, and be *re-married* to his Fleſh.

Non ſolum repreſentata, ſed expectata reſurrectio, luctum nobis minuere debet ob mortuos. Grotius.

Judges 16. 3.

Each *Mornings Sun*, each *Summers Verdure* is a *lond* inſtance, and *preſage* of this; both *Teſtaments*, the *Old*, and *New* confirm it, as well in *Examples* as *Predictions*: Chriſt is riſen as a *Man*, to ſhew 'tis *poſſible*, as an *head* to aſſure 'tis *certain*; And God is *Juſt*, therefore the dead muſt Riſe; that what hath been ſo much a *amiſs* in *this Life*, may be *amended*, and better ordered in the *Next*; where it ſhall be, *Bonis Benè*, *Malis*, *Malè*.

They that need more to *ſatisfie* their *reaſon*, or *confirm* their *Faith*; let them conſult the 1 *Cor.* 15. *Chap.* at their leiſure, where they ſhall find good meaſure, *Preſt*, and *Heapt*, and *Running over.*

Illud te non minimum adjuverit & cogitaveris nihil profit rum dolorem tuum, nec illi nec tibi: percannes lachrimis nihil proficientibus, Sen.

Weep not; Your ſorrows now are fruitleſs; *wherefore ſhould I faſt, Now he is dead, can I bring him back again?* Was the wiſe Argument of Holy *David*, 2 *Sam* 12. 23. Could you weep *Aquafortis*, your tears would not diſſolve the chains of Death. *Si fletibus fata vincuntur eat omnis inter luctus dies. ſed ſi nullis planctibus defuncta revocantur, deſinat dolor qui perit*; Was the grave Council of the *Sage Moraliſt*; let *Reaſon* maſter *Paſſion*, and ſpare thoſe *Tears* you know are *Fruitleſs*, and but ſpent in vain.

Weep not; Tears may *hurt* you, though they bring him no *help*, and *kill* your ſelves, though they'l not *quicken* him; *The ſorrow of the World worketh Death*; *Facilius nos illi dolor adjiciet, quam illum nobis reducet*; *Too many* tears *reproach* you *both*, *Him*, as if he *needed* them, and dyed like *Abſolom*, whoſe *Body* onely

2 *Cor.* 7. 10.

he

he *resembled*, not his *Manners*, *Mind*, or *End*. *Your selves*, for their *Excess* no less upbraids your *Manhood*, then their *defect* would have *reproached* your *Humanity*; *Non sentire dolorem non est hominis non ferre, non est viri*: Yea, your *Patience*, *Faith* and *Christianity*, as if you sorrowed *like those who have no hope*.

Weep not; Least you *provoke* the Lord to *Multiply* his *stripes*; as *Children* often suffer more for *sullingness*, and *sobbing*, then for the *first* occasion of *Correction*; take heed you forfeit not the mercies which are left.

Ab hac te infamia vindica, ne videatur plus apud te valere unus dolor, quam tam multa Solatia.

Weep not; For 'tis the *Work* of God. *Aaron held his peace*, in a case more difficult; and *David* was *dumb with silence*, *because God did it*; and *Good Eli thus* submitted, *'Tis the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.* He that hath Ruled the World now near Six Thousand Years, and never yet committed over sight or errour, *guided* this *blow*. He *call'd* him back, who *gave* him, and had more *Right* and *Title* to him, then a *Wife* or *Mother*; and they too ungratefully forget God, and themselves, who reckon it an *Injury* for him to take his *Own*. Gods absolute, and Indisputable *Sovereignty*, his Infallible, and un-erring *Wisdome*, and his constant and faithfull *Goodness*, should at least make us lay our *hand* upon our *heart*, and *mouth*; that we may neither *speak*, nor *think* amiss, of what he doth; Knowing that *he* doth all things

Lev. 10. 3.
Psal. 39. 9.
1 Sam. 3. 13.

Iniquus est qui muneris sui arbitrium danti non relinquit, avidus qui non lucri loco habet quod accepit, sed damni quod reddidit Ingratus qui injuriam vocat finem voluptatis. Senec.

Μὴ τυχαῖα τε καὶ ἄλογα εἶναι τὰ θεόθεν οἰκονομούμενα πᾶς ἂν ὁμολογήσειεν, εἰδὼς ὅτι ὁ Θεὸς λόγος ἐστι, καὶ σοφία, καὶ πάσῃ ἀρετὴ καὶ ἀλήθεια. Nyss.

well : But rather say with Holy *Job*, *The Lord giveth, and the Lord hath taken away*, as it pleaseth the Lord, so come things to pass, *blessed be the Name of the Lord.*

But because *sorrow* is very *querulous*, *witty* to afflict it self, and *pregnant* of Arguments to *aggravate* its *burdens* ; And he saith little to the purpose, (talk he never so much) who takes not the Mourners *Tears* and *Sighs*, from their own *Eyes* and *Lips*, and measures out returns *proportionable* ; Let us suppose we heard them (as we have heard them) thus *complaining.*

Objection. First, that *he Dyed Young*, in the very *Spring* and *Flower* of his *Age*, when all their Comforts were expected from him; and these *budding pregnant* hopes, are *nip't* and *blasted*, and suffer a sad Abortion, *Nimis cito periit & immaturus* ; μάτην ἠρύσις ἐπόνησεν.

Answer. I know the *wound* is *tender*, and will not bear such *handling*, therefore I shall not Answer so *roughly*, as to say, the *sooner* he dyed, the *better* ; because the *First best* is not to be born, the *next best* after that, is to dye as soon as may be : But I will refer you to what the Authour of the Book of Wisdome speaks concerning *Enoch*. *Honorable Age is not that which stands in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years ; but Wisdome is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is Old Age. Speedily was he taken away, least wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul: He being made perfect in a short time, fulfill'd a long time ; for his soul pleas'd the Lord, therefore hasted*

Optimum non nasci, proximum quam citissime mori.

Chap. 4. 8.

Quicquid, ad summum pervenit ad exitum properat. Eripit se, auferque ex oculis perfecta virtus. Nec ultimum tempus expectant, quæ in primo maturescunt. Indicium imminentis exitus Maturitas.

hasted he to take him away, from amongst the Wicked; and admit this be not the true *Solomon*, yet *He* hath told us, *The day of Death is better then the day of ones Birth*; and again, *I praised the Dead which are already dead, more then the Living which are yet alive.* Eccl. 7. 1. 4. 2.

He dyes not *too soon*, who dyes in the *time* that God hath *set*; and so dyed he, and this should stay your hearts. *Is there not an appointed time to man upon the Earth? his days are determin'd, the Number of his Months is with thee*, thou hast appointed *his bounds which he cannot pass*; and the Phylosopher could see this; Job. 7. 1. 14. 5.

Nemo enim sic cito moritur, qui victurus, diutius quam vixit, non fuit, fixus est cuique terminus: manebit semper ubi positus est: *No man dyes too soon, because no man hath less of life, then was design'd, and promist from the first.* Soluitur cuique promissum est, Habebit quisque quantum dies Primus adscripsit Ser.

And because *Examples* of the like sufferings, *soften* those *stroaks*, which are most *pungent*, when they are conceiv'd *least common*, and Esteemed *Singular*: Take these few *Instances* in a Case, where multitude hath made our choyce more difficult.

Thus dyed *Blest Abell*, the *First* that ever *dyed*, and *Consecrated Early Death*; Thus the *Good Son* of that *Bad Father*, *Jeroboam*; Thus dyed the *Holy Josiah*, like whom was none in Zeal for God; Thus dyed *Marcellus*, and *Drusus*, successively *both Heirs Apparent* to *Augustus Cæsar*, and the *Worlds* Empire; Thus dyed sweet *Titus*, *Deliciæ generis humani*, the Darling and Delights of Man-kind; Thus dyed Octavia & Livia altera soror, Augusti altera uxor, amiserunt filios juvenes, utraque spe futuri principis certa. Octavia Marcellum, Livia Drusum.

that

that Glory of the *Roman Cæſars*; *Alexander Severus*, *Paganus Chriſtianizans*; and *Happy* had it been for *Nero* had he dyed *ſo*, and his *Quinquennium* and his *Life* had had the ſame *Period*; and the *kinder* hand of Death had drawn a preventing *Vayle*, after the Glory of thoſe *rare* beginnings, to cover the *Reproach* of what *ſucceeded*, in the *Obſcurities* of Everlaſting Night.

Quam multis diutius vixiſſe nocuerit?

But to come nearer home; So *dyed* that *Miracle* of *Grace* and *Greatneſs*, *Edward* the ſixt; So dyed *Prince Henry le boon, le grand*; So dyed of Later Date, the much Admired Young Lord *Haſtings*, and that Early *Confeſſour*, Son of the *Royal Martyr*, the thrice Illuſtrious *Duke* of *Glocester*.

Sed ridiculum eſt mortalitatis exempla colligere; and therefore I conclude with him, whoſe Examp'e is above all Paralel; So dyed our Bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, in the very Strength and Vigour of his Age.

And notwithſtanding *ſorrow*, moſtly *ſtops* its *ears*, againſt the *charms* of *ſober reaſon*: yet let me *modeſtly debate* the Cale.

Nihil eſt tam fallax quam vita humana; nihil tam inſidioſum: non mihercle quiſquam accepiſſet niſi daretur in ſcil, Sen.

What is the *life* that he hath *parted* with, you ſo *bemoan* his loſs? look back and ſee what *Comforts* it afforded *You*; What had *You loſt*, if *You* had *dyed* as *Young*? would it quit *coſt*, to live it *over*, if you might, *again*: Has the *World* been ſo *kind* a *Stepdame* to your *Selves*? Was your *Apprentiſhip ſo ſweet*, and *gentle*, you *grudge* ſo much his *Earlier Freedom*?

What

What is it, but a constant *hurry*, and a druging *Bondage*? A *wearisom delight*, and vexing *vanity*; A *little-ease*; a *great Temptation*; a *slippery Good*, which *slideth* through our fingers, and leaves nothing, but its *slime* upon them; A *Glutinous* and *clammy Evil*, which *stains* us with a *guilt*, that *sticketh* faster to us, then our *Skinns*. A *leakie ship*, and an *infected* house; a *peevish* neighbour, and *insulting* master, which like to *Joab*, * makes our *miseries* and *torment*, his *sport*, and *play*; || which daily keeps us *floating*, on the unconstant *waves*, of *fears*, and *hopes*, of *grief*, and *anger*, of *fainting joyes*, and *sullenest dispair*: Now tell me, is it not a mercy; *Beneficium mortis contra tot vitæ injurias habere? To lye still, and to be quiet, to sleep, and be at rest; to be where the Wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary be at rest; where the Prisoners rest together, and hear not the voice of the Oppressour.*

* 2 Sam. 2.14.

† *Quid aliud in mundo quam pugna adversus diabolum quotidie geritur, — cum avaritia nobis, cum impudicitia, cum ira, cum ambitione cõgressio est, cum carnalibus vitiis, cum illecebris sæcularibus assidua & molesta luctatio est*, Cipria.

Job. 3. 13, 17, 18.

And with the great *Bishop* of *Nyssa*, let me demand yet farther, Τὶ γὰρ εἰπέμοι καλὸν ἐνορᾶς τῷ γήρᾳ; ἀρὰ καλὸν τὸ--- Tell me what *good*, and *loveliness*, thou seest in *old Age*, to render thee so *fond* on't? Is it a *shrivel'd cheeke*, and *wrinckled brow*, a *toothless* mouth, and *faultring* tongue, a *head* grown *bald*, and *crazed*; A *stooping* back, and *trembling* leggs, and every *part* made *impotent*, and all *unable* for their *Offices*? To be an *Hospital* of *pains* and *aches*, a *bagg* of *Rhumes*, and *Flegme*, the constant *Prisoner* of the *Gout*, or *Stone*: Onely the *Ruines* and *Reproach* of thy own *Comliness*, the

Vide Nyss in funere pulcheriæ.

--- Καὶ ὑπὲρ τοῦτο ἀγανατουμὲν ὅτι μὴ ἀφίκετο εἰς τὴν τοιούτων πεῖραν.

Confutation and *Revers* of former *Uſefulneſſe* and *Beauty*.

To be, *in pœnam vivax*, to out-live thy *Senſes*, *Phancy*, *Memory*, and *Judgement*; and to live *Blind*, and *Deaf*, and, *tantum non*, to *Dote*, to be a *Burden* to our ſelves, a *Trouble* and *Temptation* unto others; to be our own *moving Sepulchers*, and to conclude our *ſtrength*, in *Weakneſs*, *Labour*, *Sorrow*: In a word, to have ſo *long* a *Reckoning*, and *Account* to make; and to go *late* to *Heaven*: as if *that* were only a *reſerve*, when we can *ſtay* no longer *here*, and not a place of *Choyce*. Pſal. 90. 10.

2 Objection. But *He* was *our All*, and *all* is *gone* in *him*, and we

1 Anſwer. are *undone*. *Not ſo*: *All* is not *gone*, while *God* and *Chriſt*'s not gone; Though *He* be *Dead*, yet the *Lord Liveth*, and *Bleſſed be the God of our Salvation*. His Life or Death had no Affinity with your Eternall State. *No loſs undo's us, but the loſs of Chriſt*; 'Tis a *Miſerable Happineſs*, which ſtands upon ſo *weak* a bottome, as the *Life* of *Man*. *He* that gave *Him*, can give *another*; *Eve* once obſerved, that *God* gave her *another Seed* in the ſtead of *Abell*; and *Jobs* ſubmiſſive *patience* was rewarded with a *Full Return*. *Abraham believed God* to very good purpoſe in no unlike a caſe; *With God nothing ſhall be impoſſible*: A *Phœnix* may *ariſe* out of the *Aſhes*; the harder is the *ſtreight*, the more is He ingaged to *Relieve*, who ſeldome doth *Extraordinary* Things, in *Ordinary* Caſes; By *how much* our *ſorrows* are *more* ſmart and preſſing, by

by *ſo much* the *more* we may expect his *help*.

All thoſe we read of, *Rais'd* by *Miracle*, in Scripture, were Onely Children, except *Lazarus*; and he was to *Mary* and *Martha*, as is an *Onely-Son* unto the *tendereſt Mother*: The *Widows* Son of *Zereptha*, rais'd by the Prophet *Eliah*; the *Shunamites* by *Eliſha*; *Jarus*'s *Onely Daughter*, and *this* in my *Text*, who was a *Widows Onely Son*; and though we have *no ground* to hope for *help* in kind; yet may we in proportion; *The Key of the Womb is in his hand*; or He can give a *Name* and *Place within his Sanctuary*, *better then of Sons and Daughters*. He can *vouchſafe* to be inſtead of all *Relations*, who calls them *Mother*, *Siſter*, *Brother* that obey his word. He can give *Faith*, and *Patience*, and a *Sanctified* advantage by our Tryalls. He can make a *Bee-hive* of the *Lions Carkaſs*, and bring forth *meat* out of the *feirceſt* eater; and leave us *gainers* in the iſſue, by our ſoareſt *loſſes*: and tis like he will; *Our deepeſt, and our holloweſt miſeries, ſend up the loudeſt Eccho's in the Ears of Mercy*; and, *magno vulneri, majora Adhibebit remedia*; He hath greater remedies, for greateſt wounds.

1 Kings 17. 2 Kings 4. Iſa. St. Mark 3. 35. Jud. 14. 8. 14.

But now the *Family* is *dead*, and fallen with *Him*, and the *Line*, and *Name*, will *fayle*, by his departing *Childleſs*. 3. Objection.

That's *more* then any man can *tell*; you had better *hope* the *beſt*, then *apprehend* the *worſt*: *He Treats himſelf unkindly, that antidates his fears*. But *ſuppoſe* it true; then *He*, nor *His*, ſhall never *taint* the Anſwer.

Blood, nor *foul* his *Shield* with any *Stainant* Colours, nor *blot* his *Honourable Impreß*. * 'Twere *Endleß*, to Recount how many *Noble* English *Families* have seen their *Period* : *Two* Right Honourable *Earls*, have *None* betwixt them *Now*, whose *Patents* and *Creations*, (I have been assured) differ *Two Hundred* Years ; and *None* Remain of those, who were *Created*, in so *long* a space ; *Hic habere se dolet liberos, hic perdidisse* ; And if *Children* cause us *grief*, that's least *uneasie*, which concerns their *want*.

* GARDE TA FUY.

In hoc uno se ceteris exæquari hominibus, non injuriam, sed jus mortalitatis judicaverunt

Do we *rejoyce* when *single* persons have performed *handsomly* ? and shall we do *leß* for *Noble Families*, laid up *unblemish't* in the Bed of *Honour*, and whose *Names* are sufficiently *Embalmed* with *Renown*, and *Virtue*, and Entred in the *Registers* of *Fame* and *History*, to be *Coevall* with the *Sun* and *Moon* ? and *need* not *Succession* to *Eternize* them.

Διὰ τὴν τῶν γινομένων διαδοχῆς θνητὴ οὖσα ἡ τῶν σώματος φύσις ἀθανατίζεται.

4. Objection.

But I fear *most*, that I *sinn'd* him away, and 'tis for my *Transgression*, that God hath *snatch't* him hence.

Answer.

This is an *Holy*, and a *commendable* fear ; and not *unseasonable* at such a *time*. *Art thou come to call my sin to Remembrance, and to slay my Son*, said the poor Widow, 1 *Kings* 17, 18.

I am well *content* you *listen* to the *Rod*, take its *Alarum's*, and would promote your doing so, unto my power. *Right hand Errours, are least dangerous*. *We* had better *ten times* admit that *supposition*, which will make us *hate* our *sins* ; then *that* but *once*, which will *incline* us to *indulge* them. While your heart is *hot*, pursue

pursue the *Murtherer*, and be *aveng'd* of whatever *sin*, you can *suspect* as *accessory* to a *Sons*, an *Husbands*, or a *Kins-mans* Death.

But let me add, we sometimes are too *curious*, with the *Disciples*, in the *blind* mans case; *Who sinned, this Man or his Parents, that he was born blind?* To whom Christ Answered; *Neither hath this Man sinned, nor his Parents, but that the Works of God might be made manifest in him*: Not but they all were sinners, but it was not for any *Extraordinary sin* that that *blindness* hapned to him, as Saint *Chrisostome* Observes. St. John. 9. 2, 3.

Sometimes too *Censorious*, both of our *Selves*, and *Others*, to aggravate our sorrows, and add *Affliction* to the *Afflicted*, instead of the alleviating of them; which evil Spirit, Christ twice rebukes, in one Chapter. *Suppose you these* Gallileans *were sinners above all the* Gallileans, *or those Eighteen upon whom the Tower of* Siloam *fell*; —— *I tell you now nay*; —— And with the like words would I *comfort* you: No wise, or sober Christians, will make dishonourable reflections upon such a *Providence*, but *Sympathize*, and tenderly *Compassionate* you; Be not you too *severe* upon your selves. St. Luke 13. 2, 4.

but I have *better comforts* yet, and 'twas from *Christs* Example, that I Learned, to keep the *best Wine* unto the *last*; the *former* were *Collyria* to *cool* your *Eyes*, *these* are *Cordiacall's* to *warm* your *hearts*. *I would not have you Ignorant concerning them* 1 Thes. 4. 13.

that sleep, that you sorrow not as men without hope.

I shall speak first in *Hypothesi*, upon the Charitable *supposition* that he dyed in Christ; and then give you the *Grounds* upon which that *supposition* is bottom'd.

Rev. 14. 13. *Weep not*; for him that's gone to rest; *Blessed are the dead that dye in the Lord, for they rest from their labour*; Beatum deflere Invidia est. He's nearer our envy then our pitty. *Gaudendum potius, quam dolendum*; as Saint *Cyprian*. Our *blacks* should not be of too *deep a Dye*, when they are *Cloathed* in their *long white robes*, and are *incircled* with *Golden girdles* under their *Papps*. It's very *incongruous*, to blur our faces with excess of tears, for them, from whose *Eyes all tears are wip't, and from whom sighing, and sorrow shall fly away*; which is the happiness of all in Heaven; if we *believe* this, how can we *mourn?* if we *believe* it not, how are we *Christians?* but, *Fidei & spei nostræ prevaricatores*, as St. *Ciprian*; but the cheats and abuses of our hope and confidence; If we will *weep*, 'tis *fitter*, that we do it for *our selves*, then *them*; not that they are *gone before*, but that we stay *still behind*; *They* have *obtained*, what *we* have but in *hope*; though *we* be *Elder*, yet are we *Minors*, they of *Age*, though *Younger*; and have attain'd to the *Inheritance*, *Incorruptible* and *undefil'd*, *and which fadeth not away*; which we must yet *breath* after, *wait* and *pray* for; That *state knows neither Widow-hood, nor Orphanage, where God is all in all*; they who are *ever* with the Lord, shall *never* feel woe or want, but are possessed

Nec accipiendas esse nobis atras vestes quando illi alba indumenta jam sumpserunt, Cipria. de Mort.

Ὀρφανίας τε γὰρ τὸ σκυθρωπὸν οὐ λυπεῖ τὸν ζωὴν ἐκείνην τὰ ἐκχηρείας κακὰ χώραν οὐκ ἔχει. *Greg. Nyss. de Mortu.*

ſed of that *Fulneſs of joy, which is in his preſence, and drink of thoſe Rivers of pleaſure, which are at his right hand for evermore.* Pſal. 16. 11.

And that *he* is one of *thoſe*: what follows is a *ground* of *hope*: You know the *Family* from whence he *ſprang*; what *Education* and *Example* he was *Nurſt* up under? what *Womb* he *lay* in; (though grace be not *extraduce*) 'twas well for *Auguſtine* that holy *Monica* was his *Mother*; Her *Zeal*, (next to free grace) firſt *Canoniz'd* him, and her *Blood* was the *bleſt earneſt* of his following *Saint-ſhip*; well did St. *Ambroſe* *aſſure* her, that a *Child* of ſo many *Prayers* (and *ſuch Prayers* as *hers*) could not *miſcarry*; and we ſpeak *modeſtly* enough, while we *depreſs* our preſent *caſe*, to be but *Paralel*.

Μὴ θαυμάζηλε. μηδὲ ἀπιστῆτε εἰ τοιούτων τυχὼν γονέων, τοιούτων ἑαυτὸν παρέσχεν ἐπαίνων ἄξιον. Gr. Nazian Orat. decima in laudem Cæſarii.

I might here *touch* his *Natural* accompliſhments, and *Moral* Excellencies: In that *Fair* manſion, of his *Goodly Body*, *Dwelt* happily a *Fairer*, and move *Lovely Mind*; *Humble*, *Modeſt*, *Pregnant*, *Civil*, *Truly Noble*; *Large*, not with *ſwelling* pride, but *Solid Worth*; *Free* yet not *frolick*, *Reſerv'd*, but not *Moroſe*; *Courteous*, where not *Familiar*, *Kind*, though *Great*; which could keep *diſtance*, yet without *diſdain*; A Converſation *clear* from *foul deboyſhe's*; which *ſlave*, and *debaſe*, not few of *Higheſt Birth*; No *Unclean Riots*, or *Blaſpheming Oaths Unman'd* him, as too many, into *beaſt*, or *feind*: And becauſe *Relative* duties well diſcharg'd, beſt ſpeak us *Reall* Chriſtians; He was Eminent in theſe.

A moſt *Obedient*, and *Obſequious Son*; A *Chaſt*, *Affectionate*, and *Tender*, *Husband*; A *Civil*, *Faithfull*, and *Obliging Friend*.

But that our *hopes* may be the more *Explicite*, the good *diſcoveries* he *gave* of better then all this, were neither *late*, nor *faint*, nor *forced* from him. *Accept* of theſe *few Inſtances*; He *freely* gave up himſelf to *God*, and was not *ſolicitous* for any thing in the *Event*, but *Life Eternall*; profeſſing himſelf moſt willing to dye, and would *Indent* with *God* for *Nothing*, but the *pardon* of his *ſins*, which he was *ſenſible* he wanted, and *begg'd* moſt *heartily*, and *joyn'd* with them, who ſought it for him, *Earneſtly*, and *Preſt* them to do it *frequently*.

He made firm *Reſolutions* (of his own accord) that if it pleaſed the Lord to *ſpare* him, he would ſpend *four hours* every day, in *Reading*, *Prayer*, and *Meditation*, and ſuch like *Holy Exerciſes*, as might concern his *Soul's Salvation*. And when with a *Holy Jealouſie* his Pious *Mother* Anſwered: But I *fear* Child, when thou ar't *well*, thou'lt think it *tedious*, and *forget* this *promiſe*, and *alter* the *number*; He with ſome *paſſion* (but 'twas *devout* and *holy paſſion*) *reply'd*; by the *Grace* of *God Madam*, if I ever *change* the *number*, it ſhall be to make them *more*. And we humbly hope God took him at his word, and hath *Inlarg'd* his *Vacancy*, and *chang'd* his *Four*, into *Twenty Four*; fetching him thither, where they ſerve him *continually*, the *whole* of every day, and never

never *ceaſe*, or *ſin*. And as he ſeriouſly *profeſt*, he ſhould for ever *take* more *Contentment* and delight in his *Good Mothers* Company, and *ſuch* as are *like* to *Her*; in whoſe *Converſe*, he ſhould be alwayes *Hearing* and *Seeing* what might *promote* his *Everlaſting Good*; Now *God*, we hope, hath taken him to *Better Company*, the *Family* of the *Firſt-Born* in Heaven.

And as a *loud Teſtimony*, how little Worldly things were to Him, He *Sacrificed* his Youthfull Friends (which uſually are the deareſt pieces we poſſeſſe) which he *Expreſt* with ſuch an *Emphaſis*, and *Force*, as is too *hard* to *imitate*. I *now* well *ſee*, what *little* good, *my Feathered-Friends* can do me, and what they ſignifie.

It was the *Law* for Sacrificing *Fouls*, that the *Feathers* ſhould be caſt *beſide the Altars*, *by the place of* the *Aſhes*; and full ſo low he laid the *Vanity*, and *Gayneſs*, of himſelf and others. Saint *Anſelme*, us'd to compare the *Soul*, into the *Body*; to a *Bird* with a *ſtring* about its *legg*, and a weight tyed to it; His *String*'s *untyed*, His *Snare* is *broken*, and as a *Bird* he is *eſcaped*, yea like a *Dove*, *whoſe wings are of Silver*, *and her Feathers of Yellow Gold*; He's haſtned to the *winged Cherubims*, to ſing for ever in the Lords preſence, and to be ſheltred under the moſt immediate *Protection* of his *Feathers*. *Levit.* 1. 15.

'Tis true, his *hopes* were very *modeſt*, ſomewhat *verging* upon *fears* and *doubts*; which his *Sollicitous* inquiries diſcovered. Whether his delaying, (for he

bewail'd, his not *conforming ſooner*, and more throughly, to his *Good Mothers* pious *Admonitions*) *could* be forgiven: and whether *God* would *accept* his *late Repentance*, and the *Reſolv's* made on a *Bed* of *Sickneſs*? And when *theſe*, and the *like*, were Anſwered, with *Prudent*, and *Faithfull Caution*; and then with ſuch *Incouragements*, as the *manner* and *heartineſs* of his *Expreſſion* ſeem'd to *Intitle* him to. He Anſwered, *Well!* Then I will *Caſt* my Self on God. And he is a *God*, who *caſts* not them away, that do ſo in good *Earneſt*; Therefore with *Him*, we'l leave him, and *Conclude*;

Beſeeching you to *bear* from him, what poſſibly you would not *bear* from *me*; the *free* diſcovery of your *Vanities*, and let this pull down your *Plums*, and make you *ſerious*.

And *You* that *ſurvive* Him, do *Him* the *Kindneſs*, and *Your Selves* the *Right*; to *Act* what He *Reſolved*. *Spend* every day ſome good *Proportion* of your *time*, as all *Good* Men, and *Wiſe*, ſhall *ſpend Eternity*. *Delay* not your *Return* to God. *Submit* to wholeſome Councils *Early*; *Delight* in Company, may make you *Better*. *Sue-out* moſt Earneſtly, the *Pardon* of your ſins; *Solicite* thoſe, who are the *Favorites* of Heaven, to aſſiſt you in it. *Adorn* as he, all your *Relations*: *Study* his *Herſe*, and *liſten* what he *whiſpers* thence; and when you ſe't, Remember, that be'ſt thou *Young*, or *Great*, or *Darling* of thy Deareſt Parents, *Stem* of thy *Family*, or whatever elſe,

elſe, that's *Man*, thou *certainly* muſt *dye*; therefore *prepare*: for, *Ex Hoc momento Æternitas.*

Upon this moment do Depend,
The Joyes, or Woes, that never End.

LORD *Teach us to number our dayes, that we may apply our hearts to ſaving Wiſdome; And forgive us our many ſins, at, and againſt the frequent Funeralls we attend, that ſo many warnings may not be loſt, and leave us unprepared, leaſt they aggravate our guilt beyond excuſe. Write upon our hearts the word we have heard; and Sanctifie this awakening Example to us all; And moſt Eminently, to thoſe Right Honourable Perſonages, moſt nearly Concerned in it; whoſe Wound, and Breach, we Beſeech thee, (who art Able to do above all that we can Aske, or Think) of Thy Infinite Goodneſs to repair and bind up, with Thy All-Healing hands, in Thine own Time, and Way. And all for his ſake, who dyed for our ſins, and roſe again for our Juſtification, and ſits at thy right hand making Interceſſion, whereby he is Able to ſave to the uttermoſt, all thoſe who come to Thee by Him. To Him, with Thy Majeſty and Bleſſed Spirit, be Adoration, Submiſſion of our Selves, and Ours, to be at Thy Diſpoſe, Praiſe, and Everlaſting Glory;* AMEN.

EPI-

EPITAPHIUM.

WIthin this *Marble* doth *Intombed* Lye,
Not *One*, but *All* a *Noble Familie*:
A *Pearle* of ſuch a *Price*, that ſoon about
Poſſeſsion of it, *Heaven*, and *Earth* fell out;
Both could not have *Him*, So they did *Deviſe*
This *Fatall Salvo*, to *divide* the *Prize*:
Heaven Share's the *Soul*, and *Earth* his *Body take's*,
Thus *We loſe all*, whilſt *Heaven*, and *Earth* part ſtakes:
But *Heaven*, not *Brooking* that the *Earth* ſhould *ſhare*
In the leaſt *Attome*, of a *Piece* ſo *Rare*,
Intends to *Sue Out*, by a new *Revize*
His *Habeas Corpus*, at the *Grand Aſsize*.

JOHN FLOWRE.

Frontiſpicii Speculum.

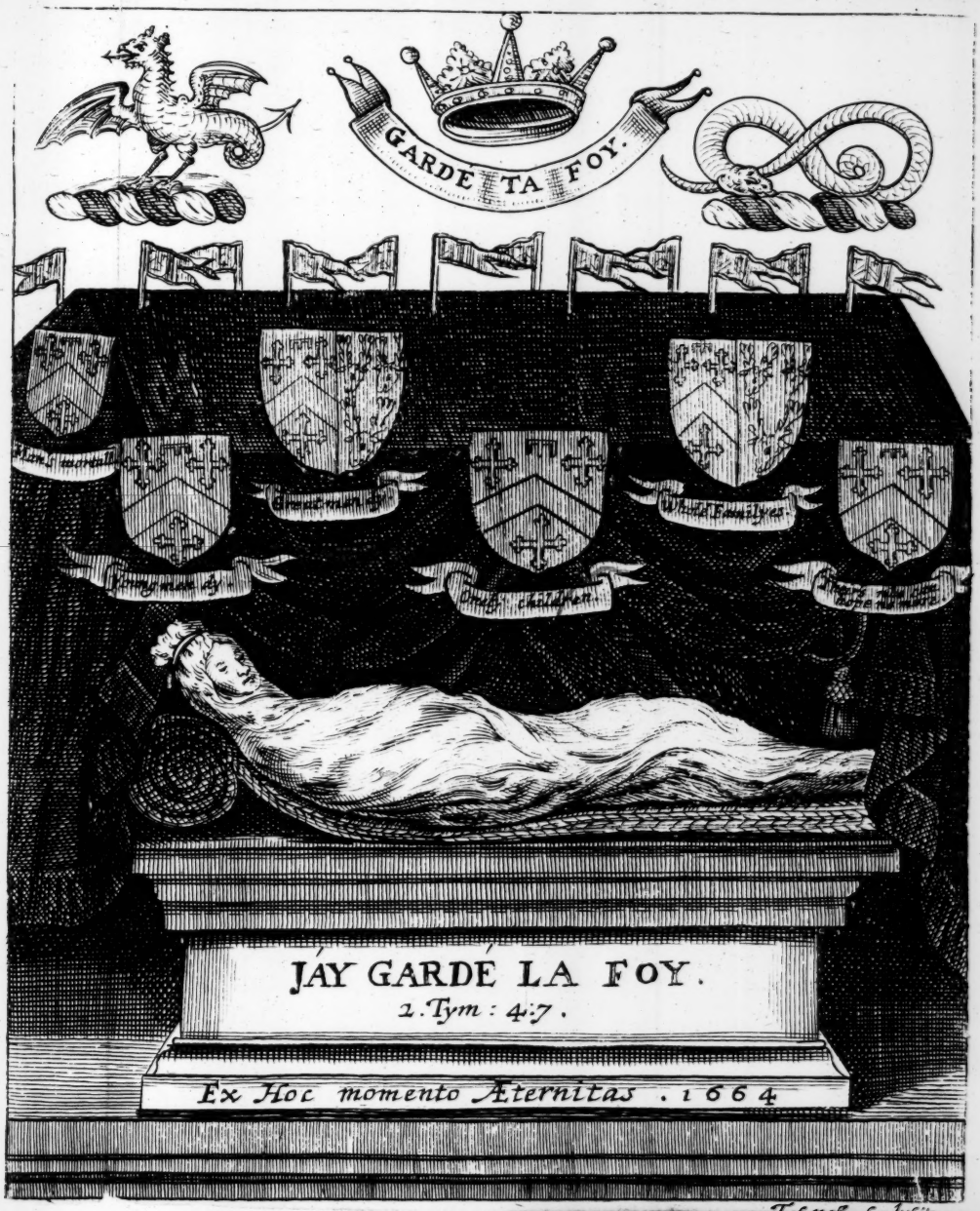
The Mind of the *Frontiſpiece.*

WOuld'ſt thou Amazed *Friend, a* Reaſon *have;*
Why Squalid *Death, is* Trim'd, *ſo* Gay *and* Brave?
This is her Nuptial *Day*; *That is the* Bed,
To which, Great Warwick's Heir *is* Captive *Led*;
But 'twas Rude Woeing, *and a* Stolen *Match,*
An Uncouth Rape, *in which the* She *did* catch
The Male; *who though* perſu'd, *by* wanton *Death,*
Was Chaſt, *and* Yielded *not, till out of* Breath.
On't this retrive *the* Banes? *No*! *'twill not* do,
She Got *a* Licence; *And, they're* Bedded *too*.
But to diſguiſe th' unfitneſs, *and prevent*
Juſt ſcorne; *to* paint, *alone, ſhe's not* content
But ſteal's His Colours *for't*; *and* all *ſhe can*
To make Him *like* Her-ſelf; *halfe-*Na'kt, *and* Wan.
And yet, 'cauſe Guilty, *fearing an* Aſſault,
With His *Own* Shields, *She* Guarded *hath the* Vault,
But She's paſt bluſhing, *and will not* Confeſſe
Her Wrong; *His* Right, *to* Cornet, Coat, *or* Creſt,
Cry's All's *mine* Own; *and if You* proof require,
For the Left Creſt; *The Serpent was my Sire*:
And for the Dexter *one, That* venom'd wing
Feathers *my* Arrows; *And his* Tayle's, *my* ſting:
The Coronet *without* diſpute's *mine Own,*
For She *that* Conquers, *may* Command *the* Crown:
The Coat's *my Proper* bearing: *from* ſuch Loſſes,
Your Selves Blaze *me to be, The* Croſs *of* Croſſes.
And for the Motto, *You* dare *not* Deny,
That none Keeps Faith, *more* Firm, *then* Deſtiny.

Yet thoſe who Keep *the* Faith *of* Chriſt *toth'* Laſt;
Will Be too Quick *for* Thee, for all thy haſt.
And when the Glorious Morn, *Reſtores them* Light;
Bid *Thee with* Scorn, *Eternally* Good-Night.

Aliter *A. Walker.*

Our Text in Mottoes, is diſplay'd:
Its Motto in a Text, obey'd.


GARDE TA FOY.
JAY GARDÉ LA FOY.
2. Tym: 4:7.
Ex Hoc momento Æternitas . 1664